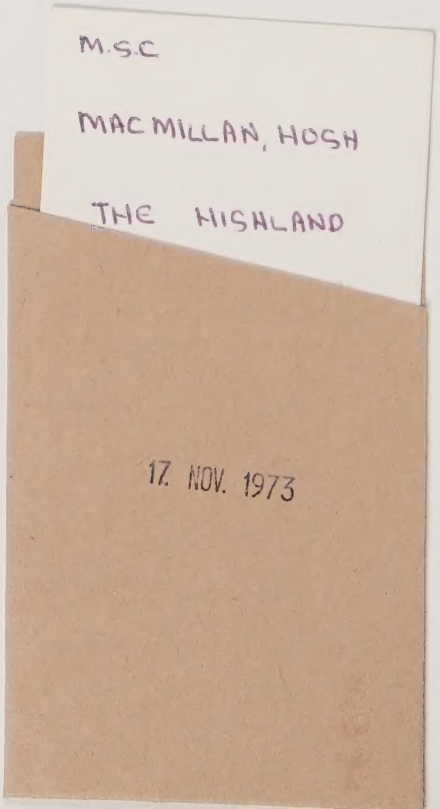
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THE HIGHLAND
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THE HIGHLAND TAY

Village of Kenmore, from Drummond Hill.

To face p. 84.

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THE

HIGHLAND TAY

FROM TYNDRUM TO DUNKELD

ILLUSTRATED BY THE DRAWINGS OF A. SCOTT RANKIN

BY

HUGH MACMILLAN

D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., F.S.A.Scot.

Author of "Holidays on High Lands," "Roman Mosaics," "The Riviera," etc, etc.

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LONDON:
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TO

THE MOST NOBLE

THE MARCHIONESS OF BREADALBANE,

WHO OWNS THE BEAUTIFUL SCENES

THROUGH WHICH THE HIGHLAND TAY FLOWS,

BY A

TWOFOLD TENURE OF MATERIAL POSSESSION AND IDEAL ENJOYMENT,

THESE PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES

ARE DEDICATED

WITH MUCH RESPECT.

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INTRODUCTION.

RIVERS hold a peculiar place in the history of a nation. They have determined the settlement of the population, and the march of civilization. On their banks the chief commercial towns and villages are situated. They have been associated with primitive religious worship and old-world superstitions. Poets have derived their inspiration from their rhythmical sounds; and they have attuned the speculations and musings of thoughtful minds. The river Tay has had an important influence upon the agricultural and social development of our country. "Meet nurse for a poetic child," as one would naturally suppose it to be, it has never been directly celebrated in verse, like Tweed and Yarrow, and other classical streams of our country. Burns, whose poetic activity seems to have been quickened in sympathy with running water, praised the beauty of the Tay flowing out of its parent loch at Kenmore, and wrote one of his finest lyrics beside the tributary of the Moness Burn. But countless tributes have been paid to it in prose throughout our literature; and indirectly it must have ministered as richly to the life of the imagination, as to the physical life of the region through which it flows. It must have left its annual deposit on all the fields of thought upon its banks; and other and higher harvests than corn-fields have been gathered there. What wonderful river-lore the Tay must have whispered during the long ages of its existence to the scenes which it nourished;

lore of nature's changes and human conflicts, of lost landscapes and lost peoples over whom has long rolled the deep tide of oblivion. It has united the generations together by its silver links, and sang its pean down the dim aisles of the ages ; and its inarticulate music has called forth images of the mind that answered to it in the case of thousands who hearkened, and whose ears have long been sealed in dust. Its voice of many waters, gathering the echoes of the hills and the infant sobbings of its numerous tributaries, and sweeping them down in one tumultuous flood into the sea, hath sounded unchanged through all the changing ages, charged with memories that strangely move the heart. It has chanted too a sweeter music to exiles on "the banks of that strange river life," hanging the harps of their deep heart-desires upon the willows of sorrow and disappointment, and longing for "the gentler streams" that flow from the Everlasting Hills!

The name which the river Tay bears is a primitive one, and can be traced to the remotest antiquity. It was the first local name given by the lips that earliest drank of its waters, and it is pronounced by the latest dwellers on its banks with hardly a change in its intonation. It is derived from the root *aa*, which signifies running water, and was applied to the streams and rivers from which the primitive races quenched their thirst. This expressive syllable enters into the composition of the name of the Tay, as well as the names of various rivers in this country and on the Continent, such as the Thames, the Taw, the Tamar, the Tagus, the Tiber or Tevere, and the Aar in Switzerland, whose banks afforded a resting place to primordial tribes. A river of the magnitude of the Tay must have attracted attention from the earliest times. With its fertile soil and genial climate, and all the ameliorating influences of its richly wooded valley, it must have afforded more comfortable conditions of human existence than the sub-alpine

regions farther to the west and north, with their colder climate and less productive soil, and drawn a large population to occupy it when mankind passed from the huntsman stage to that of the shepherd and the farmer. The struggle for existence would be far less severe there than in other places, allowing more leisure for the cultivation of the arts of life.

But older than its name, the unknown geological river must have been at work for unnoted ages, excavating its course out of the crystalline rocks and schists of the Highland hills. Its bed often changed during that long period, contracting in narrow glens, expanding in wide lochs. It occupied different levels, working downwards for hundreds of feet, leaving behind it lofty terraces of gravel, and mounds of sand, and smooth water-worn surfaces of rocks over which it flowed in thunderous cascades or in foaming rapids. The configuration of the country must have been altogether different, when the underlying rocks were smoothed and planed by the ice-currents of the glacial period, from what it afterwards became when these bare sculptured rocks were covered by the till and boulder clay which the glaciers had brought down from the mountains. The river as it flowed distributed the débris of the former chaos and confusion into forms of order and beauty, and modified the slopes of the hills, until the way was prepared for the valley becoming covered with grass, and tangled brushwood and stately timber. Periods of accumulation of material brought down by the river when its bed rose, alternated with periods of denudation, when the accumulation was removed and spread as fertile soil over more level fields, and the valley floor was deepened. But at whatever level the river maintained itself it always clothed its banks with verdure, and fostered conditions favourable to human life; and the continuous successions of inhabitants were no more sensible of the changes which the river was passing through, than

the generations of modern times are conscious of the slow ceaseless changes which it is undergoing before their eyes. All seems now stable and secure, and the course of the Tay seems finished and perfected; but the work of modification is going on imperceptibly still, with every rain-drop and sunbeam, and frost and breeze, those tireless workers of nature that keep up the everlasting rhythm of the world's vitality.

In its course from Loch Tay to Dunkeld the Tay traverses different geological formations. From Kenmore to Logierait it passes over rocks of mica-schist, which built up the central mountains of Scotland with their picturesque peaks, easily disintegrated into rich fertile soil. Beyond Dunkeld there is a narrow strip of clay-slate, which may be traced uninterruptedly across Scotland from Stonehaven to Bute, and is worked for roofing-slates in the quarries of Dunkeld, as it is in the far more important ones of Esdaile. Bordering on this strip of clay-slate is an ancient shore-line of conglomerate, composed of the rolled pebbles brought down from the wreck of the Highland rocks; and then there is the bed of the great old red sandstone lake that at one time occupied the midland valley of Scotland. Into this ancient lake the Tay emptied its waters, and it also received the drainage of all the Grampian hills. During the Miocene or middle Tertiary period there are evidences along the course of the Tay, below Dunkeld, of the volcanic eruptions which formed the Cave of Fingal and the Giant's Causeway, and intersected central Scotland with innumerable basalt dykes, "all running in an east and west direction." These trap-dykes, of which there are upwards of nine, cross the river at different points in the Stanley district, and break up its even flow into picturesque waterfalls and rapids.

The Tay has gathered round it at different epochs a varied vegetation, from the low Arctic willows, dwarf birches and mossy

saxifrages, which clothed its banks and hill-slopes during the glacial period, and have in the course of ages retreated to the mountain tops, where they still survive, to the hazel swamps, amid which the wild boar and the wolf and bear roamed, inaccessible to man. Birch, alder and oak woods came afterwards whose remains may now be disinterred from the peat-bogs that accumulated over them; and finally came the firs of the great Caledonian forest, which spread over the whole of Scotland and ushered in the present state of things. New islands are constantly forming in the river, where its channel is wide and shallow, and old islands disappearing or becoming changed into peninsulas and portions of the adjoining meadows. The vegetation in these islands consists mostly of Alpine plants, borne down from the mountains by the streams that channel their sides. Luxuriant tufts of round-leaved Oxyria or alpine sorrel cover the shingle of an island near Taybridge, and rapidly go through their chromatic scale of colours, from dark green to the most brilliant reds and yellows; while on the upper reaches of the river great beds of alpine lady's-mantle clothe the naked pebbly shores. Occasionally the Lochay brings down from the high mountains at its source lovely tufts of the purple saxifrage, which hang from the shelving rocks in the spray of the waterfall; while the golden saxifrage lines the sides of the brooks that pour their tribute into the main stream. I well remember islands above Taybridge and near Grandtully that in my boyhood were composed of bare loose shingle without a particle of soil or a tuft of grass, but are now covered with dense patches of lupines, whose flowers in summer are as blue and white as the cloud-flecked skies above them. The rainfall is heaviest among the mountains at the source of the Tay. There it is needed to feed the fountains of the streams that feed the river, and to wash down the disintegrated soil of the rocks and slopes, and so create the narrow strips of

fertility at the foot of the mountains on which a precarious cultivation may be carried on. But the rainfall diminishes as the river reaches the great plains of the lowlands, over which it spreads the sediment of the mountains, and which, therefore, in the wonderful balancing of nature, require less watering from the clouds in order to produce their larger crops.

The races which successively occupied the valley of the Tay synchronised with the changes of the river. A primitive neolithic people inhabited the dry elevated lands; for the river-bed, being in course of formation, shifted from side to side of the strath, and the low lands on its banks were covered with dense impenetrable thickets and swamps. This people left behind on the uplands remains of hut circles, cairns, rocking-stones, and cromlechs, which may still be seen beyond the limits of cultivation. On the ridges of elevated mounds raised above all risk of inundation, composed of gravel and fine sand, may be traced the projecting stones marking the position of a collection of cists—which when opened are found to contain mouldering bones, whose position shows that the dead were buried in a huddled-up attitude according to the habit of their life, when they slept doubled-up and not stretched out straight. Urns and arrow-heads have occasionally been found in these cists. Such sepulchral mounds were formerly regarded as the dwelling-places of fairies, who danced around them on moonlight nights, and wooed the infatuated mortals who beheld them to enter with them into their subterranean abodes. In the soil of the fields around the plough turns up now and then polished celts and carved spinning whorls, proving that this ancient people had advanced considerably in the arts of life. By this primitive race were made those cup-shaped hollows with their concentric circles, and connecting conduits, carved on the boulders scattered over the moorlands. Large as is the number of such archaic sculpturings

now known in the district, it can bear but a small proportion to the number that must have been destroyed within the lifetime of the present generation. Waste lands in the neighbourhood have been extensively brought into cultivation within the last fifty years ; and many fields which I remember in my early days to have been wild pasture, or brown moorland, covered with boulders, are now rich fields of corn or clover. These agricultural improvements have, undoubtedly, involved the destruction of many of the old stone monuments, which were regarded as cumberers of the ground, and their blasted fragments have been worked up into dykes and farm buildings. The superstitious feeling that once guarded the stones of worship has passed away in this utilitarian age, and even where it still exists it does not seem to apply to cup-marked stones, for all traditions connected with their purpose have long ago vanished, and no definite ideas are now associated with them ; a presumption, among many others, of their remote antiquity. We cannot put these huge sculptured boulders into a museum for safety ; but on that account they ought to be watched over with even more zealous care, as an interesting legacy to us from a dumb and almost forgotten past, which we are bound to transmit uninjured to the future for its instruction.

After the primitive race came the Celts and the Fingalians, who gave the existing names to the localities, and to the prominent natural features of the region ; and left those wonderful traditions of giants and warriors and ghosts, which furnished material for the mystic poems of Ossian. In olden times all the inhabitants of a district bore the same name, and were related to one another. But as the country was opened up the population became more mixed, and after the Rebellion the clans were scattered, and settled in localities far from their native places. In this way the valley of the Tay, where Macnabs, Campbells,

Maclaggans, and Menzieses were at one time the prevailing families, came to be inhabited by strangers from the south, and by a larger number of the representatives of the various clan names than probably any other district in Scotland.

It is obviously only a small part of the complex life-history of an important river like the Tay that can be described in such a work as this. It would have been more satisfactory, perhaps, and made the book a more complete monograph, to have traced the course of the river all the way from its rise to its fall in the German Ocean. Such an extended task would have added many deeply interesting subjects, and brought before the imagination some of the most important scenes and events in the history of Scotland; for while the Tay loses its more romantic natural features below Dunkeld, it there acquires more interesting human associations, and the dumb epics of purely physical revolutions give place to historical dramas of the most thrilling kind. But such an enlarged survey was beyond the design of this book. It is limited to an account of the purely Highland part of the course of the Tay, which appropriately terminates where the Highland rocks are bounded by the geological shore line of conglomerate pebbles, fringing the old extinct red sandstone lake of Strathmore, in which its waters were absorbed.

The book, I may mention, is an indigenous production. The author of the text and the artist who drew the illustrations are both natives of the region, and were born in the same village on the banks of the Tay. Originally the different chapters were contributed to THE ART JOURNAL; and they have now been collected together, with considerable additions, and appear in this form. It is a peculiar pleasure to me to continue, in this interesting literary association, with the son, the friendship of youthful days with the father; and I am proud that my inade-

quate description of scenes, which no mere words could portray, should be aided by the vivid pictures which he presents to the eye by his able pencil. Besides the great debt I owe to him, I take this opportunity of acknowledging my obligations to the authors of the various excellent Guide Books relating to the localities under review, in recalling traditions and incidents with which I had been familiar in my boyhood, but which long years of absence had driven into the faded background of memory. I am especially indebted for some facts in the old history of Loch Tay side to the interesting work of Mr. Christie, "The Lairds and Lands of Loch Tay," also a native production printed and published in Aberfeldy, which contains a great amount of information, the result of laborious research in public records and private archives, condensed into very small bulk. This monograph on the Highland Tay has been a labour of love to me amid more engrossing pursuits; and I have been more than repaid while lingering in imagination over the lovely landscapes of my native place, which I have striven to show to others in some measure in the light which I love. To the end of my life no sweeter sound will greet my ear than the murmur of my native river in the shell of memory, and no fairer pictures will form the bliss of solitude than the birches and pines combing their green locks in the mirror of its calm waters, or the bright sheen of myriads of cowslips along its banks, opening by their drooping bunches of golden keys, the garnered wealth of lingering summers long ago.

THE HIGHLAND TAY.

Chapter I.

STRATHFILLAN AND GLENDOCHART.

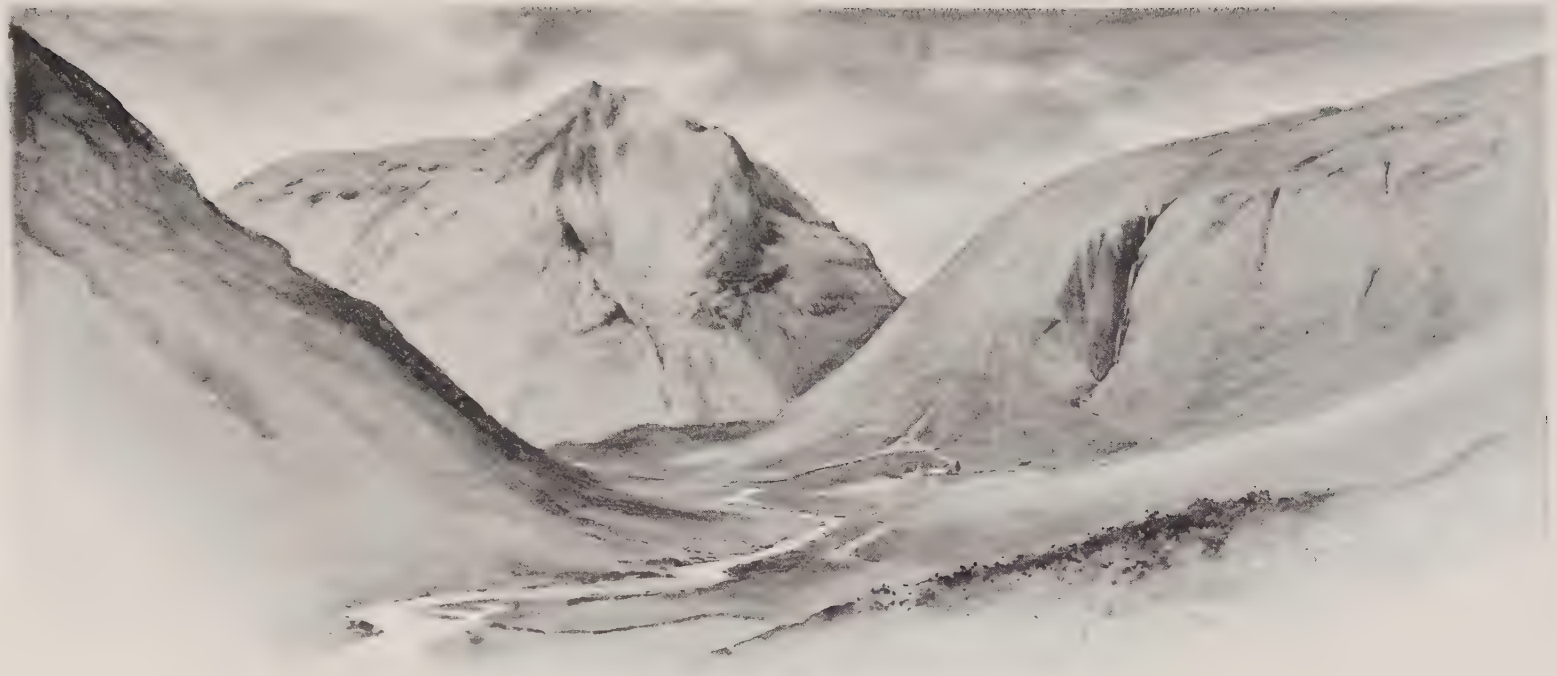
Perthshire is the centre of gravity of Scotland. It balances the mighty masses of the mountains in the Highlands and the extensive plains and valleys of the Lowlands. It comprehends within its ample bounds much of the typical scenery of both regions. The river Tay divides the county into two nearly equal parts, flowing from the west to the east. It drains by means of its numerous tributaries the whole area of the shire, and sends into the ocean a larger quantity of water than any other river in the United Kingdom. I propose, in the following series of sketches, to follow the main stream from its source half-way to its mouth; for it is upon this crystalline thread that the finest gems of scenery are strung.

There is something peculiarly fascinating in tracing a mighty river to its fountain, and to contrast its feeble beginning with its great development and its final importance. "Ecce Tiber!" the

Roman cohorts exclaimed when they first saw the broad bosom of the Tay at Perth. The source of the Tiber, as the infant rill bubbles up clear and sparkling in a green glade in the heart of an old beech wood on the slope of Monte Fumajolo, one of the peaks of the eastern range of the Apennines, thrills the heart with emotion ; and all the great associations of its history and of the many famous scenes it passes through are focussed in this quiet sylvan spot, where your peasant guide points to the gushing water and says in wondering awe, "And this is called the Tiber at Rome!" I have stood beside the source of the Dee, as it issues from the clear deep pools in the wild Larich Pass between Braeriach and Ben Macdhui; and I saw in imagination, as drowning men are said to see the long course of their lives in an instant, the whole romantic scenery along its banks down to the city of Aberdeen beside the North Sea, and felt as if I were present at the birth of some great man who had done much to shape the destiny of the world.

The source of the Tay cannot claim the importance of that of the Tiber, but it is at least as interesting as that of the Dee. It first sees the light in a little well springing up in a corry about 3,000 feet above sea-level on the eastern side of Ben Laoigh—a lofty mountain that stands on the border-line between Perthshire and Argyllshire. The baby river is almost smothered by its swaddling-clothes of bright green mosses that hush its first feeble cries.

Nothing can exceed the beauty and tenderness of these mosses. In the midst there is an open space, where the clearest and coldest water pulses quietly up, and flows down along a course marked out from the bare stony hillside by the brilliancy of its vegetation. Among the yellow-green cushions that upholster it, the eye of the botanist picks out with delight great tufts of that



Ben Laoigh, the Source of the Tay.

To face p. 2.

loveliest of all the British mosses, the *Splachnum vasculosum*. It is as rare as it is lovely. It is found in similar situations on Ben Lawers and Ben More. Nothing can exceed the pellucid texture of its leaves and the grace of its large, round, chocolate-coloured fruit. It holds the waters of the infant rill in its transparent cup of beryl, and they nourish it into the freshest and most beautiful luxuriance. Other equally rare and lovely alpine mosses mingle with tiny alpine flowers, the *Tofieldia*, and the *Juncus triglumis*, and make this well a perfect garden to the scientific eye. Starry saxifrages unfold their white blossoms in the channel of the rill, and tufts of moss-campion adorn its sides with brilliant crimson flowers. The thought strikes one in such a place how marvellously nature accomplishes the same great end by methods entirely different. On the Alps, above the snow-line, the glacier brings down the moisture of the clouds by the slowest, safest, and most steadfast mode of motion in the world, and forms at its foot the source of the Rhine or the Rhone. On the Scottish mountains, which are all below the snow-line, great fields of moss serve the same purpose as the glacier, and distil from their spongy cushions the moisture of the clouds in the same gradual, continuous way. The glacier-fed river is fullest in summer, when the ice melts rapidly under the hot sun, and lowest in winter, when the glacier is fixed and frozen. On the other hand, the moss-fed Highland river is fullest in winter, when the moorland mosses are most saturated with the storms of heaven ; while it is apt to shrink and run low along its white pebbly bed, when the summer sun exhales back to heaven the moisture which it imparted. One could hardly imagine that there was such a wonderful correlation between the glacier and the moss-cushion, and that both subserved the same purpose in the circulation of the vital life fluid of the globe. To the scientific eye the whole mass of ice in the

Rhone glacier is composed of starry crystal flowers into which the water has been frozen; and the same eye sees the waters of the infant Tay trickling from one transparent cup to another of the Alpine mosses of Ben Laoigh.

As the stream gathers strength it leaps merrily into the sunshine, and tumbles from ledge to ledge of splintered and crumbling mica-rock. Receiving contributions from numerous other rills on the mountain-side, it descends with impetuosity into the valley, and passes through lonely scenes associated with the fierce struggle between King Robert the Bruce and the Macdougalls of Lorn. There is a subtle harmony between the wild passions of men that had once free play in this place, and the white raging waters that rush down over the rough boulders and broken rocks in their channel. A battle was fought where the stream reaches the lowest part of the valley, on a piece of level ground which still bears the name of Dalree, or the King's Field. Here the followers of Bruce were overwhelmed by numbers and compelled to give way, after losing many men and horses on the field, stricken down by the long pole-axes with which the Highlanders were armed. The Scottish king retreated with the remnants of his army through a narrow pass in the neighbourhood, between Loch-an-Our and the edge of a steep precipice. There is a tradition in the family of the Macdougalls of a personal encounter in this pass between Bruce and the chief, in which the king was so closely pressed by Macdougall and his followers that he was obliged, in order to escape, to abandon his mantle and the brooch which fastened it, clasped in the dying grasp of one of the henchmen. A beautiful jewel called the Brooch of Lorn, adorned with precious stones, said to have been that which King Robert lost on this occasion, is still preserved in the family of Macdougall as a memorial of this memorable incident. Sir Walter Scott says of it:—

Head of Strathfillan.

To face p. 1.

"Thy splendours nothing tell
Foreign art or faëry spell,
Moulded thou for Monarch's use,
By the overweening Bruce,
When the royal robe he tied
O'er a breast of wrath and pride;
Thence in triumph wert thou torn
By the victor hand of Lorn!
When the gem was worn and lost,
Widely was the war-cry toss'd!
Rung along Bendouran fell,
Answered Dochart's sounding dell,
Fled the deer from wild Tyndrum,
When the homicide, o'ercome,
Hardly 'scaped with scathe and scorn,
Left the pledge with conquering Lorn!"

The Lord of the Isles.

At Tyndrum the stream is known as the Fillan water; a calm, dignified, even-pulsing river watering a green cultivated valley. But it has still the passion of the mountains sobbing in its tide, and wild hills girding it in and sending their white waterfalls down on either side to find peace in its bosom. Ben Laoigh looks down with calm pride from its great height upon the sudden growth of the stream to which it has given birth, and which it nourishes with its dews and clouds; surrounded by a wonderful concourse of dark mountains whose rocky summits are veiled with mists. Ben Doran, chief among them all, asserts itself, as if conscious of an added dignity from its association with the sweet idyllic song sung in its praise by Duncan Ban, the Gaelic bard of Glenorchy. It is a grand sanctuary for the meeting of the streams, and the music of many waters fills all the listening air and awakens the far echoes of the hills. The loneliness is almost oppressive, for the flitting shadows of the clouds on the hills and the swift glistening feet of the waterfalls are the only moving things.

Wordsworth came here and wrote the following lines during a storm which he witnessed in the place :—

"Enough of garlands, of the Arcadian crook,
And all that Greece and Italy have sung
Of swains reposing myrtle groves among!
Ours couch on naked rocks, will cross a brook
Swollen with chill rains, nor ever cast a look
This way or that, or give it even a thought
More than by smoothest pathway may be brought
Into a vacant mind. Can written book
Teach what *they* learn? Up, hardy mountaineer!
And guide the Bard, ambitious to be one
Of Nature's privy council, as thou art,
On cloud-sequestered heights, that see and hear
To what dread Powers He delegates his part
On earth, who works in the heaven of heavens alone."

But a poet more kindred to the soil, sang of the wild scenes around in the mystic language of the hills. Duncan Ban Macintyre was born near the source of the Tay, in the humblest circumstances, utterly illiterate, unable to write or read his own mother tongue; and yet he raised himself by the force of his native genius to a foremost position among the Highland bards. He loved nature with a passion as deep as Wordsworth did; for the mountains to him were grand presences, and the lichen-bearded forests assemblages of living personalities, and the lonely heights and valleys had something human about them which touched his inmost soul. He had all the delight in the solitudes of nature which the old pagan poets expressed, and peopled them with his own breathing fancies. As forester to Lord Breadalbane, he had ample opportunity of becoming familiar with all the varying aspects and moods of mountain and glen, and acquiring a minute knowledge of all the wild creatures that inhabited them, from the deer and the eagle, down to the badger and the polecat, which

Bridge over the River near the Head of Strathfillan.

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has given to his poetry such an air of wonderful verisimilitude. His chief poem "Moladh Bein Dòran," the praise of Ben Dòran, abounds with the most felicitous descriptions of the natural objects in this wild Highland region; but unfortunately, although the late Professor Blackie tried his hand at translation, the poem cannot be rendered into English without losing much of its force and exquisite appropriateness. Several editions of his poems were published during his lifetime in Edinburgh. They were retained in his memory exclusively, a wonderful feat considering their number and length, and taken down from the bard's dictation by Doctor Stuart of Luss. An incident unique in literature is told of the poet. Shortly after the publication of his poems in 1708, he happened to visit the shop of his publisher for the purpose of buying a copy for a friend. Taking up the volume, he said: "Is it not very strange that you and I between us have produced a book which neither of us can read." The publisher knew no Gaelic; and Duncan Ban could not read at all. The last days of the Bard were spent in Edinburgh, where he died in 1812, at the age of eighty-eight years. A small obelisk was erected to his memory in Greyfriars' Churchyard in that city; and on the Moor of Dalmally, overlooking the scenes that inspired his song, a substantial monument reminds the passing wayfarer of the genius who gave native expression to the voices of the streams and hills around.

At Tyndrum the first pulse of human life is felt. A railway station, a large hotel, where Coleridge once dined on his way to Fort William, and beyond it, by the roadside, a row of lowly thatched cottages built originally for miners who found lead-ore in the hills around, bring a suggestion of the great world beyond into the remote solitude. A train belonging to another system—the West Highland Railway—winds several times a day along the

mountain-side opposite, and disappears into the mysterious glens leading to the Black Mount and Rannoch Moor; and there is a little church standing by itself—and a manse somewhat larger—near at hand. But these human features only accentuate the loneliness. The gigantic scenery around, and the universal stillness, seem to swallow them up and to make them parts of the great overwhelming realm of nature.

The whole region is haunted by legendary lore. Numerous spots are associated with the pagan rites of pre-historic times. The famous Holy Pool of St. Fillan is right opposite a Presbyterian church and manse on the banks of the river, and appeals strongly to the imagination by the startling contrast which it suggests. Here, where Christian worship is carried on every Sabbath-day, the old rites of sun-worship used to be performed. The Holy Pool is at an angle of the river, where it sweeps round a high vein of dark volcanic rock projecting beyond the general line of the bank. Sir Walter Scott thus refers to it:

> "Saint Fillan's blessed well,
> Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel,
> And the crazed brain restore."

The remarkable geological history of the spot, where fire and water met together, may have drawn the attention of the primitive inhabitants of the glen to it, and have led to its being considered sacred. The pool is broad and deep, and the water so transparent that the gravel at the bottom is easily seen. From a very early date till within the memory of persons still living, this pool was resorted to for the cure of various diseases, and especially mental. So great was its reputation, that often crowds of people came from long distances to test the virtue of its healing waters; the men bathing on one side of the rocky point, and the women on the other. Each person had to bring up nine pebbles from the

The Pool of Strathfillan.

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bottom of the pool, and then to walk to the highest point of the rocky ridge near at hand, where there were three cairns, round each of which three turns in the direction of the course of the sun in the sky had to be taken, and a pebble deposited on each cairn. When persons afflicted with madness were bathed, they were thrown in with a rope tied to their middle, and the shock to the system by this violence was supposed to put the brain right, though too often this heroic method of cure only increased the insanity of those who were subjected to it.

In the case of ordinary diseases, the patients after bathing deposited upon the cairns a portion of their clothing that covered the part affected ; as on the sites of other curing wells in all parts of the world similar rags were tied to the nearest tree or bush. According to this superstition the disease passed from the person of the patient to the object, whether cairn or tree, to which the clothing was attached, and thus the cure was completed. The efficacy of the pool also extended to the diseases of domestic animals, provided that meal mixed up with the holy water was made into a cake and given to the suffering cow or horse to eat ; but in this case bits of the rope or halter by which the beast was led to the spot had to be thrown upon the cairn. The cairns can still be traced on the top of the rocky promontory, half covered over and obliterated by the growth of the green turf. But fragments of old halters, shoes, bonnets, kilts, petticoats, and rags of all sorts can be turned up by a stick from among the stones. The mere bathing of lunatics in the pool was not considered sufficient for a cure. They were taken immediately afterwards to St. Fillan's Priory, near at hand, and fastened down to a wooden framework in the open churchyard, the head being laid in a round cavity in a stone trough, which was originally the baptismal font, and in this barbarous fashion they were left for a whole night, with

only a covering of hay over them, and St. Fillan's bell put upon their heads by way of a nightcap. If in the morning the patient survived this accumulated application of sacred objects—a whole galvanic battery of relics—and was found released from his bonds, the case was regarded as favourable ; if, on the contrary, he still continued bound, his disease was pronounced hopeless. In one particular part of the rock there is a flat, smooth surface, on which the cakes administered to diseased cattle were made, and where also holy bread made of the first corn of the harvest every year, mixed with the water of the pool, spread out on the rock and baked by the heat of the sun, was offered in homage to the fertile powers of nature. All the traditions and ceremonies of the spot point to a *religio loci*—a local sanctity from time immemorial. It goes back far beyond the dawn of Christianity in Scotland, when our Pagan forefathers worshipped streams and wells; and it is one of the most interesting examples of the survival of a prehistoric belief through all the changes in the form of religion and all the phases of advancing civilisation.

Beyond this pool the wide open strath is known as Strathfillan. It is so called after the patron saint of the district, the famous St. Fillan, who is believed to have lived in the early part of the eighth century. The exact dates of his birth and death are unknown ; but the fact that his festival used to be celebrated every year on the ninth of January, indicated that he must have died on that day. According to the legend he came of a noble family of the Scoti in Ireland, his mother being Kentigerna, daughter of Cellach Cualan, King of Leinster, and sister of St. Congan. She is commemorated in the dedication of the church of Inch Cailleach in Loch Lomond. His father, Feriath, threw him into a lake, because he was born with a stone in his mouth ; but he was rescued by angels, and supported in a miraculous way

On the Fillan.

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for a year after his birth. He was then found by Bishop Ybarus, and instructed in the Christian faith. Afterwards, on the death of the Abbot Mundus of Kilmun, on the Holy Loch, from whose hand he received the monastic habit, he was appointed as his successor. Strathfillan was the chief scene of his labours, and numerous traces of his beneficent work may be found in different parts of the strath. He was greatly beloved by the primitive inhabitants, among whom he introduced many of the most useful arts of civilised life. On a spot miraculously pointed out to him he built a chapel, and on its site a Christian church rose up afterwards, dedicated to his memory ; which, however, soon shared in the failing fortunes of the early Celtic institutions, owing to the multiplication of the great Anglo-Norman Abbeys, and the usurpation by them of the lands and endowments of their predecessors.

No trace of the original monastic cell of St. Fillan now exists ; but where it once stood King Robert the Bruce founded a chapel, to which he gave the five pound land of Auchtertyre, and placed the church of Killin, also dedicated to St. Fillan, under the patronage of the Abbot of Inchaffray on condition that he sent a priest from time to time to conduct divine service in the church of Strathfillan. The chapel was afterwards made a Priory. The reason that led King Robert Bruce to found this religious house has been variously given by tradition. One account states that it was a thankoffering for his escape from death at the hands of the followers of the Macdougalls of Lorn at Dalry in the near neighbourhood ; while another version maintains that the cause of his munificent dedication of the sacred structure, and of his subsequent gifts to the saint's memory—was gratitude for the part which a venerated relic of St. Fillan, carried into the battle of Bannockburn, was supposed to perform in helping to win the great victory of the day for the Scots. In any case the institution

must have been an imposing and flourishing structure in its own day—filling this lonely strath with the stir of its life and its far-reaching influence. But it fell subsequently into neglect in spite of royal patronage, being too far removed from the busy centres of the population, and became a mere dependency of the monastery of Inchaffray. At the present day only a few shapeless fragments of dark mouldering walls remain, surrounded by an ill-kept country churchyard crowded with graves and tombstones, many of them flat lying, and a few having crosses incised upon them.

The walls of the Priory are four feet thick, and built of hammer-dressed stones held together with a very tenacious mortar; but though these features indicate the great antiquity of the structure, they give no clue to its approximate date, owing to the absence of all chiselled or inscribed stones. Even the baptismal font which performed, as we have seen, a most important part in the ceremony of curing mental diseases—still lying in a corner of the ruins—is exceedingly rude and primitive, and seems to have been shaped by the hammer and not by the chisel. There is a remarkable peculiarity about the churchyard, which, as Mr. T. S. Robertson, in an interesting article upon the subject in the Proceedings of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries, says, seems to him to indicate its Celtic origin, and to go far to prove that the site of the original cell of St. Fillan was not where tradition puts it, beside the miraculous pool, but on the very site of the present ruins of the Priory. The churchyard is on the north side of the church, instead of on the south and west, or south and east side as we might have expected, and has always been the case in the position of graveyards connected with Roman Catholic churches in Britain. Superstition regarded the north-side of a church as the unlucky side, placed under the powers of evil; and graves made in that

Ruins of the Priory, Strathfillan.

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direction were reserved solely for the burial of suicides. Mr. Robertson mentions that the poet Southey, in order to discredit this popular belief, gave instructions before his death that his own grave should be dug on the north side of his parish church ; and accordingly the visitor can see it so situated in Crossthwaite Church, near Keswick. The practice of burying on the north side may have been of older date than the Roman Catholic idea, and was in all likelihood peculiar to the early Celtic church ; as the northern position of a considerable number of very ancient churches in Ireland would seem to corroborate. It was one of those distinctive customs, like the use of bells, the peculiar tonsure, and the different date for the celebration of Easter, which separated the early Celtic church from the Roman Catholic.

Outside the walls of the churchyard there is a holy well, long neglected and choked with weeds, and near it, in the middle of a field, there is a broken-down grave covered with the fragments of a tombstone. When I put together the fragments, I was greatly startled to read my own name in the inscription, "Sacred to the memory of Hugh Macmillan," &c. It seems my namesake, who died at the end of last century, was supposed to have committed suicide by drowning himself in the Holy Pool during a fit of great mental depression. He bore a most exemplary character, as the inscription on his tombstone testified, and was universally esteemed. But in those barbarous days the people of the district did not give him the benefit of the doubt of his sanity, that would have entitled him to be buried in consecrated ground. They therefore banished the poor dishonoured remains of the outcast to this forlorn spot. The view from the situation of the Priory is magnificent. On the eastern horizon rises up the great group of the Glenfalloch Mountains, with the lofty heads of Ben More and Stobinian towering over them all, and standing out fully outlined

in all their vast proportions from base to summit. There can be little doubt that the huge cone of Ben More, dominating the whole horizon, and giving an air of magnificence to an otherwise monotonous landscape, was associated with the Holy Pool of the Fillan River in the primitive worship of the sun that was offered for ages in this place, long before the apostle of Christianity, whose name it bears, came from Iona or from Ireland, and preached the gospel to the pagan inhabitants. As the manner of the early saints was, he gathered the people for Christian worship in the spots where they used to perform their dark heathen rites, and baptised those spots with a new and higher sacredness.

Crianlarich, with its comfortable hotel and railway station, and cluster of picturesque houses, relieves the loneliness of the strath at the foot of the mighty Ben More. Here the two systems of railway cross each other, the one from Callander and Glenogle, and the other from the sides of Loch Long and Loch Lomond; the one to Oban, and the other to Fort William. And at certain hours of the day, in summer-time, the wilderness is peopled with the overflow of the crowds of London, Glasgow and America, and waked out of its sleep of ages for a brief interval in consequence, only to relapse into a deeper repose when they have passed. Here a glimpse of the wild entrance of Glenfalloch, which stretches down to the shores of Loch Lomond, may be obtained, with views of far-receding hills. The finest scenery occurs where the River Fillan, below this point, enters Loch Dochart—a narrow sheet of water, here and there expanding into wider spaces, nearly three miles in length. The two sides of the glen approach more closely, and consist of a great variety of crags and knolls, covered with scanty natural copses of birch, alder and hazel; while the huge bulk of Ben More fills up the whole sky on one side, and with its patches of snow far on in April and May, imparts a

Crianlarich.

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sublime Alpine look to the landscape. A picturesque ruined castle, on a wooded island in the loch, gives an air of old romance to the scene. It was originally built by one of the chiefs of the Macgregors, to whom this whole region at one time belonged; but it was wrested from the lawful owners by the Campbells of Lochow; who had dispossessed them of their ancient heritage. On one occasion the castle was retaken by the Macgregors in an ingenious fashion. They took advantage of a severe frost, when the loch was covered with thick ice and the island became a part of the mainland; and constructing huge fascines of straw and boughs of trees, they sheltered themselves behind them from the arrows of the besieged, and advanced, pushing the fascines before them, until they got near enough to attack the castle, when they scaled the walls, and took possession of it by a *tour de force.* Wordsworth and his sister passed by this place on their famous tour, and the scene, which they happened to reach at sunset, when the breezes had died away and the water was in perfect stillness, made a deep impression upon their minds. Dorothy describes the ruin on the island, overshadowed by trees reflected in the loch. On that beautiful evening, she says, the building seemed to be wrapped up in religious quiet. All traces of war and danger had passed away; and in the mood in which they were they could only look upon it as a place of retirement and peace. A snugly situated mansion, Loch Dochart House, surrounded by dense pine-woods, on the other side of the river Dochart as it winds out of the loch, adds to the charm of the scene. In former times, fragments of the matted roots of the vegetation in the upper parts of the loch, which are gradually being filled up with sedges, rushes, and other aquatic plants, were occasionally detached, and like the famous floating islands of the Vandimonian Lake, described by Pliny, they shifted their position in the waters

according to the prevailing wind. The Macgregors have left another relic of their former occupancy of the district, in the ruined gable of the house in a field on the upper side of the road, traditionally said to have been inhabited by Rob Roy, when he settled down here as a peaceable shepherd, tending his flocks on the slopes of Ben More.

On the northern shore of Loch Dochart dark rocks overhang the deep water, in which there is a weird cave, which has often proved a place of refuge in lawless times, owing to the exceeding difficulty of access to it. It can only be approached by boat, or by swimming round the projecting cliffs. A remarkable echo is heard from this point, which repeats several words with great clearness. In the old coaching days the driver used to amuse his passengers by provoking the wonderful reverberations of sound. The stretch of six miles between Crianlarich and Luib is one of the most charming walks in the kingdom, especially in early April. Hidden waterfalls tearing their silver fleeces over sharp rocks, and their roar softened through folds of hazel and pine, catch the eye and ear here and there along the road ; while beyond, the white ridges of Ben Challum lift the thoughts up to the pale blue spiritualised sky, which transfigures the earth over which it rests. Dim diaphanous mists linger in the distances, and catch the ethereal flitting tints of the sky. There is a sense of spring quickening in the air. A pulse of vital fulness is felt beating in the soil. How fragrant is the smell of the growing herbage, and the acres of brown bog-myrtles, and yellow willow-catkins in full bloom, and the laughing woods and copses covering themselves with a veil of tender green ; odours sweet and yet evanescent, caught for an instant and then lost again, offering themselves spontaneously, but not to be traced to their source by any conscious effort ! How bright are the green tassels of the larches

Ruined Castle and Island on Loch Dochart.

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contrasting with the rich crimson tufts on the flexible branches as you pass through the long pine-woods ; and what magic lights and shades chase each other over the greensward, as the sunshine falls at intervals along their intricate vistas ! The water of the lake, by its luminous mirror, makes an open space in the landscape, letting in the sun, and widening the heavens in its inverted image, giving the idea of liquefied sky by its blueness, and white clouds in the limpid depths touched to purest snow by the light that passes through to the bottom.

As the glen opens up before you, it becomes more desolate ; only a few houses and cultivated fields occurring here and there. The scenery wears a serious meditative expression, as if recalling the past. The pathos of a vanished population breathes over all the grey, neglected pastures. The Macnabs and Macgregors, once the lairds of Glendochart, have vanished, with their hosts of kilted retainers, and their places have been taken by strangers of the South, utterly ignorant of the traditions of the region. What the famous Brahan seer had foretold three hundred years ago, that "the day would come when the jawbone of the big sheep would put the plough on the rafters," has been realised in these pasture wastes. Wealthy sheep-farmers from the Lowlands offered an enormous increase of rent for the small sheilings of the poor crofters. Previous to this depopulation by the invasion of sheep, the farms and crofts were miserable patches of half-cultivated land, which scarcely yielded sufficient corn for home consumption. The soil of the fields was superficially turned over, less frequently by the ordinary plough than by means of the "caschrom," or old Highland hand plough, which was a kind of spade with a very long handle, and must have been very laborious to work. Traces of this ancient, pitiful cultivation may be seen everywhere on the hill-sides, and on the dry knolls ; and you try to picture to

yourself what kind of existence the inhabitants must have had. Thoughts of "unhappy far-off things and battles long ago" people the solitude for you. You think that it is an appropriate scene for the weird "Spectre of the Glen," the idea of which was actually conceived by Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, in this locality. The river flows through marshy meadows like a stream of Lethe; and where it breaks into swift currents over a rocky bottom, it seems to inform you in its loud murmur of the profitable pearl-fishing that was once carried on in such spots, one of which—indeed "a pearl of great price," the largest and finest ever found in Scotland—went to adorn the crown of Robert the Bruce, now only a pathetic relic of a nation's glory. As you walk leisurely on, nature's soft caresses seem to come closer to you out of the wilderness, and to confess some passional mood with which you can truly sympathise. And you dream day-dreams that come and go like the opaline lilac and pink tints in the tender air, with ghostly realisation of forgotten hopes and ambitions of childhood. Into these dreams come the memories and the visions of the poets; for Coleridge, Wordsworth, and the Ettrick Shepherd traversed this haunted region, and some deeper meanings and secrets of nature and humanity can be called up, by the follower upon their footsteps who has drunk deep of their inspiration.

Chapter II.

'KILLIN AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Glen Dochart, to the eastward of the railway station of Luib, is a bare and desolate tract. Its scenery has no magic of mystery. Its steep, leafless sides and green haughs along the river banks, its long, grassy uplands and broad brown moors are fully exposed to sun and wind, and there are few sheltered nooks or wooded dingles in which the imagination can nestle itself. The landscape depends for its charm upon the air of immemorial antiquity which lingers around such lonely places. There is hardly any population, and therefore you can taste the very essence of Highland romance; and the frequent grey ruins are eloquent of the rough struggles of former days. It seems an enchanted place in the drowsy languor of a calm summer day, when, like Madeline in the "Eve of St. Agnes," you can, "in the lap of legends old," share the sleep that is among the lonely hills; but it is often in a dreary mood, when the air is made of mist, and the leaden-coloured mountains in the inveterate rain look soaked and obscure, and the river, creeping along its forlorn swamps, seems wet with a wetness not its own, that chills the very core of your heart. The Dochart, though flowing quietly through flat land, gives to the motionless hill-sides, which shut it in and hardly change with the seasons, a sense of life and motion and space. It brings a mystery into the landscape, and seems full of weird secrets as it reflects the shadows of the mountains and the shapes of the clouds. At Auchlyne, where a stream of considerable volume from the

mountains has formed by its junction with the Dochart an extensive level delta of great verdure and beauty, there is a finely situated shooting-lodge, surrounded by old sycamores and airy birch woods. In a corner of the garden is growing a magnificent holly tree of an uncommon variety, which yields a luxuriant crop of yellow instead of crimson berries. Auchlyne was originally a part of the Macnab lands, the chiefs of the clan having received their charter of possession from the Prior of the Carthusian Monastery at Perth; but in the lifetime of the sixth laird it passed into the hands of the Campbells by a charter that was signed by Mary Queen of Scots. This part of the glen is exceptionally fine. For four miles onward the river flows over a very rocky bed in a tumultuous series of foaming cascades, and fills all the air with its loud murmurs; and with its fir-crowned moraines bordering its sides it gives the impression of a much more primitive and majestic landscape.

Out of this wide, open country, relieved only by the distant view of lofty hills to the east and west, the river passes at Killin. There it breaks into a series of rapids and cataracts like a mountain torrent, dividing into two streams round a picturesque island called Garbhinish, covered with tall, old wind-swept Scotch firs. The view at the bridge which spans the Dochart at this point, looking westward, is truly Alpine; with a ghost-like vision of the twin peaks of Ben More and Stobinian filling all the horizon with their huge bulk and snow-clad summits. Ben More looks its best from this spot, and is one of the most graceful and imposing of all the Highland mountains. Its grand cone rises straight up from the glen with one great leap of heavenward reaching height. You never weary of admiring it as the skies seem to claim it for their own, when the dawn suffuses its snows with a rosy blush, and the sunset quenches on its brow its

Ben Lawers, from Bridge of Dochart, Killin.

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throbbing fires in the grey ashes of the twilight, and the dusky moon swathes its sides with soft folds of silver light. With the wild, tempestuous river rolling down its foaming waters, and the tortured ruddy limbs of the clump of firs swaying with the wind in the island in the foreground, and the calm serenity of the snowy summits of the Ben More range looming beyond, seen partially above the dark green crowns of the trees, a picture of landscape grandeur is formed which has few equals in our country. It is a favourite scene with artists, and has probably been oftener seen on the walls of exhibition rooms, painted by men of the highest eminence, than any other in Scotland. The late James Docharty, a well-known Glasgow artist, made it the subject of one of the largest of his numerous paintings.

From the lower parapet of the bridge a view equally magnificent is obtained. Looking eastward, the eye is arrested and satisfied by the long green slopes of Ben Lawers, with the shadows of the stooping clouds clothing them, rising from the north shore of Loch Tay to the dark shoulders and storm-scalped double summit, four thousand feet above the level of the sea; while on the south side of the lake the mountains, richly wooded at the shore, seamed with the courses of bush-hidden streams on their faces half-way up, have round, featureless tops which, under the slanting afternoon light, glow with a vivid softness like the fields of the immortals. In the middle ground are the serrated peaks of the Craigcailleach range, crowding the sky on an extensive upland plateau; while below are the long line of village houses at the foot of the steep green hill of Stronaclachan, the foaming waters of the Dochart, and, beyond, the extensive level meadows through which flows the tranquil river Lochay, with landscapes of a quiet English type along its wooded banks. A little farther on it meets its more boisterous brother and they both

fall peacefully into the lake, a blue gleam of which shines through the trees fringing its shores.

Killin is one of the most charming of all the Highland resorts. The quaint simplicity of its older thatched houses has been indeed somewhat spoilt by the building of new villas and tall, three or four storied houses of the town pattern. But though man has tried hard, he has not succeeded altogether in marring the generally picturesque appearance of the place. The parish church, built in 1744, reminds one, with its short nave and transept and octagonal apse, surmounted by a small round dome, or a Swiss mountain chapel; thus adding to the Alpine air of the surrounding scenery, with which it is in complete harmony. It is shaded by a huge gnarled sycamore, three hundred years old at least, whose roots extend under the floor of the church. This tree has served for many generations as the market cross of the village. Its bark is covered with innumerable rusty tacks, used to fasten the advertisements of the district. But the careful eye of the botanist notices growing among them little tufts of *Habrodon Notarisii*, an extremely rare moss first found on this tree in Britain, and since discovered on several other old sycamores in the vicinity. The principal ornament of the church is a beautiful stained-glass window in the apse—of rich colouring and admirable design, representing St. Cecilia. It was made in Munich and formed at first the great window of the staircase in the older portion of Taymouth Castle, from which it was removed when the castle was rebuilt. It was presented by the Marquis of Breadalbane to this church.

There are many spots of special interest in the village and neighbourhood. The nucleus round which all the habitations of the locality have gathered is Inch Buie, the lower of the two islands in the Dochart. It is evidently a huge boss of harder

Arch at the Entrance to Inch Buie—Burial-place of the MacNabs.

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material, the end of a diorite vein in the vicinity, utilised for making the road-metal of the district, ejected as a volcanic deposit into the stratum of mica-schist, and so hardening this rock and preventing it from being worn away by the action of the waters. It irresistibly suggested to primitive man the idea of constructing upon it a rude fortification ; and there can be no doubt that the entrenchment and line of rough wall which may be distinctly traced across the island—shutting off the portion on which the burying-place is situated from the other and larger portion—are the remains of this primitive fortification. After this primordial use of the island as a stronghold, it seems to have acquired, like Philæ in a similar situation in the cataracts of the Nile, a religious sacredness, which in later ages was taken advantage of to place there a roofless chapel and burying-ground, where the ancient clan of the MacNabs have laid their dead for many generations. In all probability a prehistoric altar stood on the site of the modern graves ; and for ages the rude rites of sun-worship were performed by the pagan forefathers of the hamlet in the circle of hoary standing stones down below in the fields of Kinnell, overlooked by the lofty ridge of hills called, after them, Stronaclachan, or the Ridge of Stones. Perhaps the large mound behind the village, popularly supposed to be Fingal's Grave, may have been associated with this early shrine of religion, and may have given to the village its name of Killin—the grave by the pool or river.

Inch Buie is a most romantic island. The entrance to it is at the Dochart Bridge, through, first, two massive gate pillars, each surmounted at one time by a huge figure of a dragon, and then, a little beyond, through an ancient grotesque archway ornamented by round balls of stone. It is densely shaded with tall beech and fir trees, which have suffered much from a devastating storm that

laid low many of the woods and forests of the district five or six years ago. The ground is covered with a thick soft carpet of golden moss, from which the place has received its name of Inch Buie or Yellow Island, stealing all noises from the footsteps, muffling all sounds, and subduing the soul into sympathy with the venerable sacredness of the place. The trees meet overhead, and form a shady avenue, with the sunlight sifting through the bright leaves and flickering upon the grey trunks and the mossy sward. Although near a populous village, you have an unusual feeling of remoteness and isolation. An immemorial calm seems to brood over the spot. The world of the dead past folds you about. As you listen to the cooing of the doves, and the all-pervading murmur of the white rushing waters on either side of the island, and contrast their eternal motion with the eternal rest of the graves in the little enclosure in the heart of the solitude, you seem to become absorbed into the natural life of the things around you. The fever and the fret of your human life vanish, and a sad, wistful peace settles upon your heart, like a foretaste of the true Nirvana.

In meditative mood you walk slowly on until you come towards the end of the island to a square enclosure, open to the sky, with busts of the rudest sculpture and massive balls of hewn stone crowning the top of the wall. It has a wooden door on one side, which you unlock and pass into the interior. The floor is filled with sunken graves, covered with rough stones ornamented with half-obliterated sculpture and old lettering, under which many generations of the chiefs of the MacNabs repose utterly forgotten and unknown. On a huge slab of mica-schist there is the effigy of a warrior carved in high relief in the rudest and most primitive manner, which tradition says was brought down from the shoulder of Ben Lawers to cover the remains of one of the earliest chiefs

Inch Buie, and Tomb of the Chiefs of the MacNabs.

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of the clan four or five hundred years ago. There is nothing half so rude in Iona as this monument. Strikingly contrasting with it is an erect modern tombstone standing in the centre of the space, sacred to the memory of Colin MacNab of Suie, who died sixty or seventy years ago, and a marble tablet on the outside of the west wall, commemorating the career of Lieut. Allan MacNab, 92nd Regiment, who, after passing through the Peninsular war, died on the field of Almeira in 1811. In one of the corners is a flat slab, carved in relief, very grimy, weather-worn and moss-covered, with the inscription almost entirely obliterated. A round hole has been cut into the lower part of it. Holes of this kind are not infrequent on old tombstones in out-of-the-way country churchyards, and have a curious superstition connected with them. It was supposed that through these apertures the spirits of the departed issued from time to time to revisit the scenes of former life. All over the world dolmens, or holed stones, were placed on graves for this purpose. Above this tombstone, built into a recess in the wall, is a slab of mica-schist, with one shallow cup mark excavated in its rough surface, which awakens a whole train of interesting associations. It is a solitary footstep on the shore of time. This stone must have formed part of an old pagan altar built in connection with the primitive worship of the place.

The effect of this ancient fold of the dead, appearing at the end of the long vista of the trees, is exceedingly striking. Situated in the densest part of the wood on the island, the shadows cast by the foliage create a perpetual twilight there. A rank smell of decay, almost autumnal, haunts the place, no matter what the season may be. Hardly any wild flower pushes from its snowy breast in growing the dead leaves of the past year that rustle beneath your tread. An air of utter neglect rests on the

whole enclosure. It is a favourite subject for artists. Horatio MacCulloch represents it in one of the most effective of his pictures by moonlight, with the ghostly lights and shadows falling on the walls, and a solitary mourner in a bent attitude expressive of deepest woe, casting a long, dark shadow on the ground. Tall pyramids of firs rise up into the silent sky and seem spell-bound by its magic repose, "branch-charmed," as Keats beautifully says, "beneath the earnest stars." No more significant picture of the desolate lot of the forsaken dead could possibly have been made!

"A wall of crumbling stones doth keep
Watch o'er long barrows where they sleep,
Old chronicled grave-stones of its dead,
On which oblivious mosses creep,
And lichens grey as lead."

Outside of the enclosure, scattered over the bare ground, are numerous graves of retainers and members of the clan who had the privilege of burial in this spot. With the exception of one or two marked by memorial stones, the footsteps of the slow years have trodden down the original mounds to the level of the surrounding sward. Below this open grave-yard the island comes to a sharp end like the prow of a boat, and the two branches of the Dochart, parted on either side at the upper end of the island, meet together and rush rejoicingly past in one great turbulent flood to join the quiet waters of the Lochay, and to fall a short distance beyond into the broad bosom of Loch Tay. What a striking symbol does the position of this coffin-shaped island, with its ancient burying-place in the middle of it, suggest! Death comes into the stream of life, and parts it into two, separates body from spirit, but beyond the grave the divided parts reunite. Body and soul are joined together never more to be separated. Death is but an island with a grave in it, in our life. The living stream

flows past it on either side, and joins beyond where there are no graves and no partings, and where the river of life flows into the sea of glass before the Throne. Such thoughts are irresistibly suggested by the "meeting of the waters" beyond the place of graves; and the ceaseless requiem of the stream seems to have an inspiring note in it at the point of union, and to give a deeper sweetness to the mumurous repose of the spot.

Standing beside these ancient graves, the old sad question that has so often troubled the heart of humanity comes home to one with special emphasis, "How are the dead raised up?"—the dead that have long passed into dust and oblivion. The apostle Paul uses an analogy from plant-life to relieve our doubts and fears; and here in the burial place there is a voiceless argument drawn from a similar source, which to a certain extent helps our faith. On one of the fir-trees whose shadow almost falls across the dead, there is a strange phenomenon which scientific men come from all parts to see. During a storm many years ago, a branch was torn off from a neighbouring fir-tree, and fell upside down into a fork of this fir-tree and stuck there. In course of time it became what is called anastomosed with the tree, and began to grow; and now you see this remarkable graft flourishing luxuriantly upon its foster parent. It was supposed that a fir-branch could not be grafted upon another fir-tree, the nature of this tree being repellent of all extraneous growths. But here, what could not be done by human experiment, was accomplished by a natural accident, and we see that the capabilities of life are infinite. He who joined the severed fir-branch to its kindred tree and caused it to live and grow again, in spite of human scepticism, can quicken our human dust, and join the divided soul and body once more, impossible as it may seem, and make our mortal to put on immortality. This freak of nature, the only one in existence,

seems to have been permitted to occur here in the place of the dead, to grant us some little vision into the heart of things, suggesting that even the darkness of death holds possibilities greater than our highest hopes.

Dean Stanley was greatly delighted with this romantic spot, and wrote a graphic account of his visit in 1856, in one of his home letters recently published. He says that the true charm of Killin belongs to this burial place of the MacNabs. He found the old woman, Katy Thomson, who acted as guide for many years, remarkably shrewd and intelligent, with a vein of poetry running through the homeliness of her speech, and capable of thoroughly appreciating all the picturesque elements of the place and pointing them out to visitors. Speaking of the green carpet of moss that covers the island, Katy said to the Dean, "The high folk from London tell me that I should gather it up in a basket and give it to the Queen for the carpet of her house." Contrasting the grand mausoleum of the House of Breadalbane, visible beside the ruined walls of old Finlarig castle on the opposite side of the glen, with the burial place of the MacNabs, the Dean said, as he went down the mossy avenue of the romantic island, "Well, I had rather be buried here than yonder." "Yes," Katy said, "here it is all natural. It is a natural island. You see the water of Dochart and the water of Lochay meeting around it, natural, and no fause-work. The Scripture says 'Dust we are, and to dust we shall return,' and it is better to be laid here in dust and earth, all natural like, than in yon holes there that they put men into." Katy has had her wish, for she died last spring in a good old age, and was laid to rest in the old spot she knew and loved so well, in the open space on the left-hand side of the enclosure. She seems to have had some connection with the MacNabs, and therefore to have had the right of burial among them. And anyone who visits

On the Dochart, looking towards Ben More and Stobinian from Killin.

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the place must feel how appropriate is this sequence to her interesting life—which seemed to be part and parcel of the Island.

The MacNabs were once lords of all the territory within the horizon. They belonged as much to the wild nature of the locality as the heather on its braes, which was their own clan badge. Deriving their origin and name from the abbots of the Priory of Strathfillan, they held their own, in the frequent struggles of feudal times, against the surrounding lairds, from the days of King Robert the Bruce till the close of last century. Their early home in the islanded castle of Eilan Rowan, and afterwards in the mansion house of Kinnell, harboured as fine a race of stalwart Highlanders as any in the North, whose motto of "Dread Nought" was entirely characteristic. They took the side of Macdougall of Lorne against Robert the Bruce. They fought for their country in the wars of the Continent, and espoused alternately the cause of the Stewarts and of the House of Hanover. Careless generosity and lavish hospitality impoverished them, and their estates were finally sold to the House of Breadalbane, which now owns all the country-side from Aberfeldy to Oban. The largest portion of the clan MacNab emigrated as a body to Canada; and there, under the leadership of their chief, Sir Allan MacNab, they helped to drive back the American invaders of their adopted country, and avenged the insult to the British flag by sending the steamer of their foes, called the *Caroline*, in flames over the Falls of Niagara. Archibald, the last undoubted chief, returned for a short time to Scotland, and ultimately died at Lannion, Côtes du Nord, in France; while the daughter of this Laird of MacNab passed away in Florence, and is laid in the Protestant burying-place of the City of Flowers, near the tomb of Mrs. Browning, far from the graves of her fore-

fathers at Inch Buie. There is something exceedingly sad in thinking of such an old and honoured house in such a spot.

On the south bank of the Dochart, not far from its junction with the Lochay, is the old mansion house of Kinnell, the seat for several centuries of the successive chiefs of the MacNabs. It is a plain, square house, with long, narrow windows, and is shaded by huge beeches, willows, and sycamores, and surrounded by green lawns and extensive parks. There is about it an air of broken-hearted abandonment, a patient sadness, which seems to speak of the misfortunes of those who inhabited it, and which is increased by the sight of a circle of hoary Druid stones in the near neighbourhood, standing bleaching in the sun, like the unburied bones of a long-extinct faith. In the garden, under glass, there is a famous vine, of the Black Hamburg sort, planted about a hundred and twenty years ago, which is one of the largest in Europe, and yields upwards of three thousand clusters of grapes in favourable years. Its stem measures two feet in circumference, and it extends in length for 171 feet, completely covering the whole house.

On the opposite side of the Dochart—where the stream is divided by the upper island of firs, and the water is less impetuous than in the other channel, falling over the little ledges of bed-rock in shining folds of liquid drapery—there is a meal-mill, as picturesque as such objects usually are in the landscape. This modern mill occupies the site of one which St. Fillan established in his efforts to civilise the early inhabitants. For a thousand years the water was withdrawn from the wheel, and the hopper did no work on the annual recurrence of the saint's day—the 9th January. In a recess in the mill are still preserved the pivot-stones of the ancient structure, on which the grinding-stones revolved. They are pure quartz ; but their original whiteness is now obscured by the grime of ages, and they still show the

Meal Mill on the Dochart at Killin.

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concentric holes drilled into them by the iron spindle of the mill-stones when at work. Many old people remember the superstitious use made of these stones in connection with sick cattle, which were required to drink the water in which they were immersed, when they were supposed to be cured by its miraculous virtue. There were at one time five stones in the mill, but two of them were unaccountably lost. I found the missing ones, bleached to their original purity by long exposure to sun and shower, on a tombstone, in a lonely burying-ground of the Macdiarmids, called Cladh Dhavi, on the shore of Loch Tay, below Morenish. Women used to come long distances to apply these stones in diseases of the chest, believing with a trusting faith in their miraculous efficacy.

Besides the mill, there used to be several other most interesting memorials of St. Fillan in Killin. Of these the most remarkable were five religious relics, the Quigrich, or crozier, the bell, the mallet used in the making of pot barley with the "knockin' stane" or mortar, the enshrined arm of the saint, and his Psalter, each of which was kept by a separate custodian. These custodians all bore the generic name of Dewar, and were distinguished by the addition of the name of the separate relic which each of them guarded; the word Dewar meaning in Gaelic a wanderer, derived from the circumstance that the keeper of the saint's relic usually carried it through the country for various superstitious and police purposes. The official description became in course of time a family name, like Dempster, and many others. In return for the services which these Dewars rendered to the community, they received each a grant of land, rent free, in the neighbourhood. These lands are still known as Dewars' Crofts. It is a curious circumstance that the custodians of St. Fillan's relics should have been not clerics or priests, as we might have

expected, subject to the ecclesiastical courts, but laymen, whose independent authority was upheld by the Civil Judicature. On several occasions the Priors of Strathfillan appealed to the civil court, to obtain possession of the relics, for the churches of Killin and Glen Dochart that were under their protection; but they were always defeated, and the Dewars were legally allowed to retain unchallenged possession of them, according to old Celtic usage.

James III. of Scotland issued letters under the Privy Seal, confirming the right of the Dewar who held the Quigrich, or crozier, and also his heirs to the custody of it in perpetuity. It was thus an hereditary office, held by a succession of the eldest sons of the family down to recent times, when the last descendant emigrated to America, and took the crozier with him. Ultimately, through the intervention of the late Sir Daniel Wilson, the eminent antiquary of Toronto, it was sent home to Edinburgh for presentation to the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, where it may now be seen. The crozier was enclosed in a silver-gilt reliquary of beautiful chased work, ornamented by patterns in filigree of silver wire, in the style characteristic of the Christian Celtic art of Ireland. At the end of the crest or ridge, where it overhangs, there is a small carved bust, probably of St. Fillan, and immediately below this figure, in front of the pendent part of the crook, there is a plaque, adorned with a setting of rock crystal, which is supposed to be a charm stone, possessing curative properties, and also a vexillum guarding the bearer and securing victory in battle. The flat terminal plate has upon it a picture of the Crucifixion, with a star on either side of the cross. The Quigrich is of a type peculiar to the early Celtic church, and differing from all other European croziers. The reliquary has a remarkable peculiarity. The artist, instead of making an

altogether separate outer case for it, stripped the older crozier of its filigreed silver plaques and made up the shrine with them, filling in the deficiencies with inferior work. This reminds one of the method adopted by the Irish masons, who, when sent to construct a wall round a ruined castle to preserve it from injury, took the stones of their wall from the ruins themselves. The original crozier in the inside, thus ruthlessly stripped and reduced to a mere framework of copper, must have been a work of considerable artistic excellence. In the raised bands which mark out the empty sockets in the original plaques may still be seen strips of lustrous niello work, which must have formed a beautiful contrast to the red of the copper lines and the brightness of the silver ornaments. Judging from the resemblance of the crozier to the cover of the prayer-book of Charles the Bold, in the Louvre, it cannot be more modern than the first half of the ninth century; and there is almost no doubt that it is the identical head of the pastoral staff of St. Fillan himself, coming subsequently into possession of his successors in office in the Priory of Strathfillan. Why or when it passed over to the custody of the secular Dewar Coigerach, and the extant reliquary was made for enshrining it, there is no evidence to show.

The bell of St. Fillan, called the Bernan, is also preserved, beside the crozier, in the Edinburgh Museum. Like all the bells of the early Celtic church, which have a type of their own, it is square-shaped, with a loop-like handle. This specimen is an elegant casting of bronze ; but the Celtic bells were usually made of hammered metal, folded square, and buttoned up one side, like the cattle bells of Switzerland, which are supposed to have taken their pattern originally from the Celtic bells of the famous Swiss Monastery of St. Gall, introduced by the followers of St. Columba. The early history of St. Fillan's bell is lost. In 1488 it was borne

in the procession connected with the coronation of King James IV., at Scone. After the failure of the line of its hereditary keepers in the middle of the eighteenth century it was exposed in the open air, placed on a tombstone in the churchyard of the Priory of Strathfillan, protected by its own sanctity, and was used in connection with the miraculous cures effected upon mentally diseased persons at the Holy Pool, as already described. It was stolen from this place and carried to Hertfordshire, in England, where it was lost sight of for a long period, until, about fifty years ago, it was accidentally discovered and sent back to Edinburgh.

The other three relics of the Saint disappeared completely—probably at the Reformation, as being more obnoxious to the religious scruples of the Protestant party. The Farig was a wooden mallet used for shelling barley for broth in the stone mortars, once seen in front of every farmhouse, but now discarded for more than fifty years. It probably belonged to the Saint, and was venerated on that account. An old burying-ground at Auchlyne used to be called Chapeil na Farig, and probably had a cell connected with it deriving in some way its sanctity from this relic. The Meser, like the famous Misach of St. Columba, which had its hereditary keeper and its grant of land in Inishowen, was probably a manuscript illustrated Psalter, belonging to St. Fillan, and written by his own hand. The Mayne was in all likelihood the left arm of the Saint, preserved after his death, which, according to the legend, he was accustomed to hold up when writing in the dark, and from which was emitted a glow of light, like the famous "Hand of Glory," sufficient to guide his right hand when engaged in copying the text of his Meser or Psalter. It is recorded that his servant, looking through the chinks of the door at night, often saw him engaged in this task, aided by the miraculous light proceeding from his own arm. This arm was

enshrined in a silver casket, and was a highly venerated relic. It was kept at Killin, and was taken to Bannockburn, and on the morning of the famous battle it was held up before the Scottish troops, when they knelt before it. Edward II. asked Sir Ingram de Umphraville if the Scots were pleading for mercy, and was told that they were kneeling, not to man, but to God.

Hèctor Boece gives a remarkable account of a miracle which happened in the tent of King Robert the Bruce, on the night before the battle, in connection with this precious relic. Weary and anxious regarding the issue of the morrow, the King knelt down in prayer before the silver reliquary of the Mayne, or arm of his patron saint, when suddenly he was startled by a clashing sound. The custodian of the relic saw the arm of St. Fillan of its own accord opening the case and passing within it. Full of fear and awe, he confessed to the King that he had sent the reliquary empty, having kept the arm in his own tent, fearing for its safety. This miracle was regarded as a good omen, and greatly cheered the King. On a knoll beside the Dochart, a little distance west from the village, St. Fillan used to preach to the natives ; and the farmhouse which now occupies the site is called from that circumstance Tigh a' Mheanaich, or the House of the Monk, and the slightly wooded crag jutting out from the hill-side above, Craig Neavie, or the Rock of Heaven.

Another valuable religious relic, of a much later period, is treasured in the parish manse at Killin. It is a copy of the Bible in Irish Gaelic. Unfortunately, having been recently rebound in dark blue calf and had its edges ploughed, it has been robbed of its venerable appearance. The text is printed in the original Gaelic characters of the old Irish manuscripts. It bears the date of 1688, and has on its fly-leaf, in faded characters in a quaint handwriting, the inscription : " The donation of the Honourable,

pious, and learned Robert Boyle, a principal member of the Royal Society, bestowed on the Church of Killin, to continue there as a Church Bible for the use of the present minister and his successors, ministers of the Parish." This version of the Irish Scriptures is called Bishop Bedell's Bible; but he did not himself make the translation into the vernacular. It was undertaken at his suggestion and under his direction by Dennis Sheridan, the first literary progenitor of the celebrated family of that name, the ancestors in the mother's line of the present Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. Sheridan quitted the Catholic fold to become a Protestant clergyman, and was a devoted disciple of the saintly Bedell, the Bishop of Kilmore, who died under his roof in 1642. The Killin Bible was presented soon after the translation was made, and was one of many bestowed upon the parish churches throughout the Highlands. Very few of these copies have survived, and the one in Killin must be very rare. It was the only version of the Gaelic Scriptures in use in the parish churches of Scotland for nearly a hundred years. In the pulpit of the Killin Church it was used by several successive incumbents, who had to translate as they read into the Scottish Gaelic; and in consequence it gathered round it many sacred associations in those rude days, when education was very elementary, and few could either read or write their own language.

The story of the generous donor of the Killin Bible, the youngest son of the great Earl of Cork, is deeply interesting. His name is familiar as that of one of the earliest pioneers of physical science in this country. He was one of the founders of the Royal Society, the teacher and friend of Sir Isaac Newton, and the forerunner of Cavendish and Priestley in their researches into the chemical properties of the atmosphere. He is best remembered as the inventor of the air-pump. But it is not

generally known that he had a religious side to his life quite as remarkable in its own way as his scientific reputation. He spent large sums in translating, printing, and circulating the Irish Scriptures. He instituted public lectures for the defence of Christianity. One of these endowments, called "The Boyle Lectures," preached annually, has continued in existence ever since in the Church of England, and has attained, owing to the number of distinguished clergymen who have given the course year after year, a very high reputation.

There is another association connected with the Killin Gaelic Bible of a most interesting character. One of the ministers of the parish who had occasion to use the Bible in the course of his pulpit ministrations was the Rev. James Stewart. This remarkable man felt the great disadvantage of his people being dependent for their knowledge of sacred truth upon the Irish Scriptures, which were only partially understood. While therefore using in the public services of the sanctuary Bishop Bedell's Bible, he employed his leisure hours in translating the sacred Scriptures into the Scottish Gaelic, and thus supplying a want that had been long and keenly felt. It is interesting to think of this man, in the heart of the lonely Highlands, in a secluded parish that had almost no connections with the world outside, pursuing his arduous task with almost no one of kindred tastes to sympathise with him. He lived long enough to complete the translation of the New Testament, and his son, the Rev. Dr. Patrick Stewart, who was ordained as his successor, and became afterwards Minister of Luss on Loch Lomond, finished his task by translating the Old Testament. Thus father and son gave to their native land the inestimable gift of a Bible in the mother tongue, which could be read and understood in every home and church in the Highlands. It was highly valued by the earnest-minded, and

was connected with a great religious reformation. The peculiar, deep-toned piety of the Highlands was fostered by this admirable translation. The glowing words of the Hebrew prophets found a suitable medium in the forcible language of the Gaelic Bible, and went straight to their hearts. They felt as if the Almighty Himself were audibly addressing them ; and the words of eternal life came to them all the more vividly that they took with them all the touching associations of their early life in the glens.

It is a curious coincidence that the Killin Bible should have been associated with two men of great scientific tastes. For the Rev. James Stewart also loved the works of God as well as His Word ; and heard the voice of the Eternal speaking, not only out of the pages of a written Book, but also out of every bush by the wayside, and from the fragrant lips of the flowers that bloomed in the loneliest places. He knew well what Mr. Boyle, the donor of the Bible he used in his Sunday services, had accomplished for the science of his day. He had studied those physical laws which Boyle had discovered and illustrated ; for he was a man of wide culture, and made the knowledge of his day subservient to the uses of the pulpit. But he had a special knowledge of Botany, and, like Solomon, he could discourse of plants from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop out of the wall. He was a correspondent of Lightfoot, the author of the " Flora Scotica," whose pages he enriched by many discoveries of rare alpine plants among the Breadalbane Mountains. Especially was his knowledge of cryptogamic plants, such as lichens and mosses, almost unexampled in his day ; and there is a tradition that this humble Highland minister actually wrote from his lonely manse in elegant Latin to the great Linnæus afar off in Upsala, and received from him letters of encouragement and praise. His son, Dr. Stewart,

On the Lochay, with Range of Craigcailleach.

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inherited his father's botanical tastes, and helped to advance the knowledge of the plants of the Highland hills.

The Rev. James Stewart was a man of the same self-effacing nature as the Honourable Robert Boyle. Very little is known of his personal history. Born in 1700, of humble parentage, in a rude shepherd's sheiling on the shoulder of Ben Ledi, while his mother was journeying homewards from Glenfinlas, he was brought up to rural labour, and completed his college course with the usual difficulties and privations of a Scottish student. He became minister of the neighbouring parish of Killin in his thirty-eighth year; and there he laboured with great zeal and devotion for fifty-two years, dying in 1789. Notwithstanding the great services he rendered to the cause of science and religion, and the sincere love which his parishioners bore to him, no tombstone was erected to his memory in the parish churchyard. The very spot where his remains were interred is now unknown. But the Gaelic Society of Perth generously repaired the long neglect, and erected a polished granite monument in the form of a Celtic cross about ten years ago, in front of the Parish Church. And there the simple inscription in Gaelic and English commemorates the name of the first translator of the New Testament into Scottish Gaelic, in the midst of the romantic hills that were so dear to him.

Across the river Lochay, in a most romantic locality, are the ruins of Finlarig Castle, which guarded the Pass at that end of Loch Tay betwixt the north and south. At one time it was picturesquely covered with ivy, but is now bare and blackened by the effects of a recent fire. This rugged relic of the past is surrounded by hoary trees, mostly oaks, chestnuts and sycamores, and one holly of great size and age. One of the sycamores, blown down some years ago by a fierce storm, was of enormous dimensions,

and for two or three hundred years was the hanging-tree on which criminals were executed, after having been tried on the Moot Hill, or open-air court, of Dunlochay, in the immediate vicinity. Several of the persecuted clan of Macgregor, among them Duncan Ladassoch, and his sons Gregor and Malcolm Roy, were put to death here. Previous to the erection of Taymouth Castle this was the family residence of the ancestors of the House of Breadalbane, those fierce feudal barons of Lochow who annexed one after another the properties of the surrounding lairds to their extensive domains, and reigned supreme. The most notorious of these was Black Duncan of the Cowl, who combined in his own person the extremes of gentle culture and ruthless barbarity. The dungeons in which he immured his victims, and the iron chains with which he fastened them to the walls, may still be seen below the basement of the ruined castle ; and it indicates the rough character of the times when lords and ladies could enjoy their dancing and feasting in the grand tapestried upper rooms, heedless of the groanings of the wretched prisoners in the dark cells below, awaiting their execution. The last time the castle was inhabited was when the Royal troops took possession of it as a military garrison during the rebellion of 1745.

The mausoleum of the Breadalbane family, occupying the site of an old chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, lifts its solemn architectural front above the funereal shrubbery around it, and looks across to the splendid residential mansion of Auchmore, on the other side of the valley, as if pointing, by its strong contrast, the sad moral of earth's highest station coming to the same end as the humblest lot—"If I wait, the grave is mine house." With the exception of Sir Colin, the Black Knight of Rhodes, the first of the family, who was buried at Kilmartin, and Sir Duncan, the second knight, who was slain along with the Earl of Argyll

Finlarig Castle, Killin.

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on the fatal field of Flodden, and buried along with his companion in arms in the Argyll burying place at Kilmun, all the Knights of Glenorchy, and the baronets, earls, and marquises of Breadalbane, fourteen in all, have been laid to rest in this solemn place. But the memories that gather round the dark ruins of Finlarig Castle cast a much more sombre shadow over the beautiful landscape, in the midst of which they are set, than the associations of the chapel of the dead, for they speak to us not only of death, which is the common fate of all, as the latter do, but of human tragedy and cruelty, and abuse of power, so that we are thankful that the veil of oblivion hides most of it from our view. Wordsworth visited the ruins of Finlarig Castle and the Family Burial Place, and wrote the following sonnet regarding them :—

"Well sang the bard who called the grave, in strains
Thoughtful and sad, the 'narrow house.' No style
Of fond sepulchral flattery can beguile
Grief of her sting ; nor cheat, where he detains
The sleeping dust, stern Death. How reconcile
With truth, or with each other, decked remains
Of a once warm abode, and that *new* Pile,
For the departed, built with curious pains
And mausolean pomp ? Yet here they stand
Together—'mid trim walks and artful bowers,
To be looked down upon by ancient hills,
That, for the living and the dead, demand
And prompt a harmony of genuine powers,
Concord that elevates the mind, and stills."

At the east end of the purlieus of Auchmore, near the shore of the loch, there is a curious relic of the past, now forgotten, in the shape of a large moss-covered boulder, with a natural cavity in its side capable of containing a quart or two of rain-water. This was the Whooping Cough Stone to which all the children in the neighbourhood, afflicted with this trouble, used to be taken to

drink the miraculous water. Two or three steps led up to the cavity by which the little people could reach it; and the water even in the driest weather was so protected by the overarching stone that it never evaporated. Up to about forty years ago it was a celebrated well, and was much frequented; its healing properties being doubtless increased by the fresh air and change of scene which a pilgrimage to it implied!

Behind Finlarig, on the lower slopes of Craigcailleach, there is a considerable tract of Scotch firs, the relics of the old Caledonian forest. The trees have been dreadfully thinned by the effects of recent storms, but those which remain are truly magnificent, with their huge, scaly trunks and tortuous branches clothed with masses of foliage. The effect of the level afternoon sun in bringing out the red glow of the trunks and branches, and the blue-green colour of the needles, is most beautiful. In this forest the capercailzie, which was here reintroduced from Norway, after having been long extinct in Scotland, may frequently be seen and heard crashing through the firs; while the rare *Linnæa borealis*, a flower named after Linnæus, which is usually found in Scotland in places where the Caledonian forest once extended its shade, may occasionally be picked up in the remote recesses. The crested tit, one of the most interesting survivors of the bird-life of the ancient forest, has abandoned this locality, and is now confined almost exclusively to the denser parts of the great pine woods of Rothiemurchus and Loch Morlich, and even there is but rarely seen or heard.

Glen Lochay, which opens westward from this point, is quite different from Glen Dochart. Its scenery is richly varied and wooded, disclosing at every turn of the road new and more enchanting views. It contracts at the Falls of Lochay, where the river is throttled by the rocks, and forms a succession of white cascades and deep pools, exceedingly wild and grand, especially in

The Falls of Lochay, Glen Lochay, Killin.

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a spate, while the opposite mountain-sides approach each other high up and shut out the western horizon. Beyond the Falls the character of the glen becomes much more picturesque, consisting of a series of vistas of woods and crags and far-receding mountain-slopes; while the bed of the river is rocky, and the water is broken up into foaming rapids whose loud roar fills all the air. One spot, especially, is remarkably fine, where the Lochay forms a deep pool by the roadside, overhung with rugged grey rocks, covered with native birch and alder trees, and the torrent-seamed sides and huge round shoulders of Maelghirdy rise up for three thousand six hundred feet on the one side, and the rocky rampart-like ledges of Ben Challum storm the sky on the other. In the far distance the blind glen is shut up by the great, ghostly peaks of the Forest of Mamlorn, streaked with snow, appearing and disappearing through a dim haze; at the foot of which are miles of treeless pastoral lands "sun-steeped in the drowsy noon," whose monotony oppresses the soul, and whose profound silence becomes almost audible. The sigh of the wind and the murmur of the river produce a peculiarly sad effect in the universal loneliness, like the cry of the curlew and the wail of the plover. You seem here to lose consciousness of the human world altogether, while your own existence becomes more intense amid the immeasurable solitudes.

The district of Killin was famous for its love of poetry and music. In olden times it was customary for the neighbours to gather round the fire, alternately, in each other's houses, during the long dark winter nights to play on the violin or bagpipes, to sing songs or chant Fingalian rhymes. Such occasions fostered native genius. There were from time immemorial violinists in Killin, such as the MacAlpines, who could play reels and strathspeys with a vigour and skill not inferior to Neil Gow himself. A namesake of my own composed, nearly a century ago,

a Gaelic song, "Hail to Breadalbane," in the manner of Duncan Ban, which was extremely popular in the district, and was often sung at social entertainments. Several songs originated in incidents that happened in the locality. The well-known "Reel of Tulloch," for instance, was based upon the victory of a Killin man, John Macgregor, over his foes in Strathspey, at the end of the sixteenth century. At the market of St. Fillan, in Killin, he was attacked by eight men, whom he either killed or seriously wounded, and was obliged to flee to Strathspey, where a second attack was made upon him, in which he was equally victorious, giving vent along with his wife to their joy in the "Reel of Tulloch," with its improvised words and tune. From this Macgregor descended the celebrated line of Professors Gregory, who did so much to establish the fame of the Edinburgh Medical School. Another well-known song, "Keppoch's Lament," composed by that famous bard, Ian Lom, was founded on a local incident, and was often sung in the district. About the middle of the seventeenth century, James Menzies of Culdares, who had greatly distinguished himself among the Scottish troops of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, married the daughter of Sir Robert Campbell of Breadalbane. While the marriage feast was going on, an alarm was raised that the Macdonalds of Glencoe and Keppoch had harried Lochtayside, and were carrying home the spoil along the shoulder of Stronachlachan, behind Killin. Immediately the Campbells arose and pursued them, but were defeated with a great slaughter owing to their haste and unpreparedness; no less than eighteen of the rank of gentlemen being left dead on the field. Menzies, who survived, performed prodigies of valour, and next day rallied his friends and pursued the raiders, defeating them, and bringing back the creach. In this second day's fight the chieftain of Keppoch was slain, and the Lament was composed in his

In Glen Lochay—Killin.

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memory by Ian Lom, who took part in the affray. One of the most beautiful pieces of Highland music is the highly popular "Breadalbane March," with its prolonged and plaintive notes, the very essence of simplicity and yet of melody, gathering into its focus all the melancholy of the hills and all the yearnings of the past. It was composed in connection with the raid of Sir John Campbell of Breadalbane into the Sinclair country, to recover his rights and possessions, as Earl of Caithness, by his family piper, Finlay MacIvor. It was played early in the morning before the battle in which the Sinclairs were defeated, as a challenge to the foe. Since then, its sad notes aroused the echoes of Glencoe on the morning of the massacre, and gave timely warning to the wife of the chief of the Macdonalds, who fled with her young son to safety; and on the morning of Quartre Bras, the pipers made the streets of Brussels to resound with its thrilling notes, rousing the slumbering Highlanders to the dread work that was before them. Even ministers of religion joined in former times in the music and song of the Highland "Ceilidhs," and one of the songs that was oftenest sung on such occasions was "The black-haired Maiden," composed by the Rev. Colin MacVean, minister of Kenmore, and well known all over the Highlands. The late Major Stewart of Tigh'n-duin, who did much for the social and intellectual advancement of Killin, and whose memory will long be revered in the district, had an intense love for Highland music, and brought together some of the finest specimens connected specially with local incidents, an interesting book called "The Killin Collection of Gaelic Songs."

Chapter III.

LOCH TAY.

Loch Tay is the largest of the Perthshire lakes, being fifteen miles in length, with an average breadth of three-quarters of a mile. It is a long, narrowish sheet of water in a deep trench, shaped somewhat like the letter S elongated, contracting towards the top, and expanding towards the lower end. It receives the two large united rivers of the Dochart and Lochay, and drains the vast area in which it lies by means of numerous burns coming down the slopes of the lofty hills on either side; the Tay issuing from its eastern extremity a wide, deep river flowing under the bridge of Kenmore. The deepest part of the loch is 500 feet, or about 164 feet below sea-level, at the narrowest point, between Skiag on the southern, and Cragganruar on the northern side. The bottom towards the east end is formed of stiff yellow clay. About the middle it is composed of very fine mud, mixed with small scales of mica; while at the west end, the waters repose upon a layer of fine sand. The tributary streams, where they fall into the lake, project into it, for some distance, large deltas of detritus; and on the surface of these dry cones of yellow siliceous sand, may be seen, in many places, patches of a brighter red colour, which prove on examination to be entirely made up of minute particles of garnet crystals, washed by the mountain burns from the disintegration of micaceous blocks of schist in their channels. They are brought down by the waters, and, owing to their lighter specific gravity, they are sifted out of the denser

siliceous materials, and deposited on the surface of the sand at the mouths of the streams. Of this fine garnet sand the natives used to make strops for sharpening scythes, being more effectual for this purpose than the best emery.

Numerous grooves and striæ may be seen on the exposed rocks on the hill-slopes on either side of the lake, showing that, during the ice period, a great glacier moved over this part of the country in a south-easterly direction, and by its tremendous plough scooped out the bed of the loch, its intensest erosive action having been exerted where the valley is narrowest, and where the waters are at present deepest. This direction of the erosive force is a clear indication that the original formation of the bed of Loch Tay was determined by geological structure. It corresponds with the general strike of the rocks, and owed its origin to that coincidence. The drainage in this way descended, naturally, by the shortest and readiest route from the high grounds to the sea. The valley of Loch Tay was, therefore, in existence before the ice age; but the basin of the loch was subsequently deepened and widened by the excavating action of the glacier which filled it. It is a curious circumstance that the trough which contains the waters of the loch, runs along the top of an anticlinal arch of quartzose rocks. Originally it was, in a geological sense, an elevation, but by a process of denudation, it has been turned into a deep valley; the quartzose rocks passing underneath the huge base of Ben Lawers, and rising on the other side into rugged heights in Glenlyon. This curious coincidence of a valley filled with a loch, with a geological mountain top, or an anticlinal axis, was probably owing to an actual fracture of the strata along this line of severe tension, which guided the subaërial forces in their work of erosion. Loch Tay has been subject, from time to time, to strange ebbings and flowings; the most

remarkable of which was coincident with the great earthquake of Lisbon. From its vicinity to Comrie, which has acquired an ominous reputation on account of the frequency of its earth tremors—and the fact that a large fault entering into the loch from the Comrie side at Ardeonaig, and passing diagonally across its basin to Fearnan, may have originally determined the curious bend of the loch between these points—the bed of Loch Tay would be in close sympathy with and relation to the vibrations which shook the western and northern parts of Europe in 1784.

Loch Tay was known to the tourist world long before the Wizard of the North had thrown the spell of his enchantment around the Trossachs. But it was the latest in being made accessible to the travelling public by steamer. It has always been famous for its salmon-fishing, the west end especially being a great annual resort of anglers at the commencement of the season. The fish are not only numerous, but unusually large. In former times salmon more than fifty pounds in weight were not infrequently killed with the rod, fighting fiercely, and affording exciting sport; but now the average take is from ten to twenty pounds. There is a tradition that Donald IV., one of the mythical kings of Scotland, was drowned while fishing for salmon in Loch Tay, about the year 636. The sail from one end of the loch to the other is extremely enjoyable; and the little steamer, calling at the different piers along the route, affords to the visitor a view of some of the most beautiful and characteristic features of Breadalbane scenery.

Though a very fine sheet of water, Loch Tay is not so picturesque as some of the other Highland lakes. Loch Awe and Loch Lomond far surpass it in grandeur and variety of beauty. There is an absence in its configuration of those inlets, bays, and romantic recesses and islands which constitute the great charm of the above-

mentioned lochs. The shores of Loch Tay are monotonous, and, though well wooded, the visitor does not get the benefit of the witching views and vistas obtained between opening and closing woods, and the lights and shadows of umbrageous foliage, owing to the roads on both sides being made at a considerable altitude above the level of the water, along the mountain slopes, where the scenery is barer and tamer. But there are particular views equal to anything of the kind afforded by other Highland lochs. In front of the Manse of Ardeonaig the scene looking westward is magnificent. The Ptarmigan Hill, which at Killin is foreshortened to a slight conical crag, rising above the general level of the lofty plateau, lifts itself up into a gigantic Highland Matterhorn, filling the whole north-western horizon with its huge bulk, and sharp-pointed pinnacle of rock at the summit ; while in the west the grand snow-streaked peaks of Ben More and the Glenfalloch range storm the sky with their Alpine grandeur.

Right across the loch the enormous proportions of Ben Lawers, from the water's edge to the clouds, arrest the gaze. The mountain obtains from this view-point the full benefit of its great height and bulk. On the opposite side the road is carried at a high level above the loch, which is not visible at all from it at many points ; and Ben Lawers looks dwarfed to the visitor when walking along it. But there is a grandeur of its own in the extensive spaces of lonely, treeless pastures that stretch up the long slopes of the mountain from the roadside ; and when gazing upon them you feel a wonderful freedom and expansion of soul. In a field below the road is a curious rock-surface called Craggantol, or the Rock of Holes. Its surface is honeycombed with cup-marks, especially on the highest part. Standing on this spot, you look up straight to the summit of Ben Lawers, appearing and disappearing at intervals through its dark cap of clouds ; and you cannot help thinking that

there must have been a close connection at one time between that lofty summit and this sun-altar at its foot. The primitive worshipper, clad in skins, must have looked alternately from this commanding view-point to the sun rising in the east and the mountain summit emerging from the morning mists, the two grandest objects in nature known to him. That mountain-top lifted his thoughts nearer to the gods whose footstool it was ; nearer to the home in the sky of that glorious sun, whose rising made for him the business and pleasure of a new day. It was with a simple child-like faith, therefore, that he brought water in his earthen pitcher from the stream that still flows near by, and poured it into the holes cut out on the rock, and waited till the sun had full power in the heavens to drink up the oblation, and leave the holes dry.

Perhaps the finest view on Lochtayside is that which may be obtained from Edramuckie farm-house, four miles east from Killin. It is a charming spot, situated where two large burns that rise, the one from the corry behind Mael Ghlas, and the other from Loch Larig at the summit of the Glenlyon pass, flow down the declivity in many a foaming waterfall to the loch, a short distance from each other. Dr. Martineau lived near this farm-house one summer. His daughter, Miss Gertrude, made a beautiful water-colour sketch of the wide landscape ; and certainly no scene could be more inspiring to artistic genius. Westward, over a series of undulating heights, rises up the lofty corner of Ben More, filling all the horizon in that direction. Below, to the south, the smooth dark waters of Loch Tay occupy the long trench-like hollow between the hills ; and beyond on the other side, the mountain-slopes climb up to the sky-line adorned with fertile pastures and sunny copses. The shores of the loch are fringed with woods ; and the water-channels that furrow the sides of the hills have lines of shrubby vegetation veiling them from the

Loch Tay and Ben Lawers from Kenmore Bridge.

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summer heat, and marking their course. Here and there on some lonely knoll, or beside a secluded burn, are the dismantled ruins of once flourishing croft-houses and hamlets, from which the inhabitants were driven out to give place to sheep holdings or larger farms. The sight of these relics of the past fills one with sadness, and raises perplexing questions regarding the rights and duties of property. But whether the expulsion of the hardy and honest natives,- whose forefathers had tilled the ground from time immemorial, was justifiable or not, it is at least certain that it turned out for the best, for they all have thriven wonderfully in those Canadian or Australian settlements to which they betook themselves, and to which they gave, with a pathetic patriotism, the old beloved names of home. Here and there the monotony of the green pastures is diversified by large patches of crimson heather, shining in the afternoon light as if the sunset glow had settled permanently upon them. At the back of the house the ground slopes up gradually to the lofty summit of Mael Ghlas, with a corner of the highest part of Ben Lawers standing out in darker hue behind the green shoulders of the hill. This view gives an alpine appearance to the landscape ; and when veiled in dense clouds, the crags and corries under the dark fringes of mist look sombre in the extreme, and lead the imagination up to an unknown realm of storm and mystery.

On an elevated bank, close to the rocky burn, stood the ancient castle of the Barony, whose foundations can be distinctly traced. Some of the old ancestral elms and sycamores that formed its avenue are still standing, and their huge size adds greatly to the picturesqueness of the place, and proves that it must have been at one time an important domain. A branch of the Campbells of Glenorchy, as Mr. Christie tells us in his most interesting book "The Lairds and Lands of Lochtayside," possessed this Barony from the

beginning of the seventeenth century to the middle of the eighteenth. One of them, named Duncan, murdered Sir James Campbell of Lawers at Greenock, on the 22nd April, 1723. The two friends had been drinking together the previous night and parted amicably, intending on the following morning to cross over together to Dumbarton, on their way home. In the morning the Laird of Lawers was found dead in bed, with two bullet-wounds in his forehead; and the Laird of Edramuckie, upon whom suspicion rested, as he had purchased a pistol and powder and shot a day or two before, disappeared, and though diligent search was made for him everywhere, he was never captured or brought to trial.

Portions of old querns and two barley mortars, lying neglected near the kitchen door of the farmhouse, set one thinking of the primitive agriculture of former times in this part of the Highlands. It certainly must have been of the rudest kind. The people had not appliances for the removal of the great boulders which cumbered the ground, and they simply turned up the soil round them in patches here and there. The marshes, also, were only partially drained, and the lower slopes of the hills were rendered impassable by the overflowing waters of the streams. In these circumstances the farmers sought the higher grounds, where the soil was drier, and the line of boulders which marked the height of the old glacial stream fell short of the limits of cultivation, and there were fewer encumbrances in the shape of wood and stone to remove from the soil. Accordingly we find most of the old tillage on the uplands. But there were other obstacles to contend with there. The heather, being native to the soil, and best adapted to the situation, was a more formidable weed to keep at bay than the common weeds of the fields at the base of the hills, and began at once to encroach upon the green enclosure during the slightest

relaxation of toil and care. Owing to the latitude and altitude, the corn and barley did not ripen till a late period, and had to encounter the storms and floods which usually occurred at the close of the autumn.

Lochtayside has always been more a pastoral than an agricultural region. The growth of corn has been subordinate to the raising of sheep and cattle. The mountains are remarkably green to the very top, only a small portion of heather being found here and there, and yield rich natural grass for the large herds that roam over them. But before the invention of artificial food and the growth of turnips, when the cattle all the year round fed upon the natural pastures, there was no provision made for their upkeep when these pastures were hid under several feet of snow. We read how, in these circumstances, the cattle that were sheltered in the byres were reduced almost to starvation, and yielded hardly any milk. All that is now changed. The population of the district, greatly thinned by emigration to our large cities and to the Colonies, are able to maintain themselves in comfort; and nowhere can finer fields of potatoes be seen than on the slopes of these hills, finding there a soil and situation similar to the conditions of their native country, and therefore most conducive to their welfare in a foreign land.

The old population of the district has left numerous traces of itself behind; for the memory of the past seems to overshadow every height and hollow. There are the dim paths which they had made, and which are now almost obliterated by the footsteps of time. There are the lonely ruins of the houses where they lived, and where the nettle grows luxuriantly round the cold hearthstone, and the solitary rowan that overshadows them has failed to charm away the witchcraft of change and death that comes some time or other to every human family. You can

follow up the rough, winding peat-roads, over broken bridges and quaking marshes, till you stand beside the dark bogs where they used to cut their fuel, and which still show ineffaceable touches of their sturdy toil, although Nature, with her luxuriant growth of mosses and lichens, strives to bring them back to her universal bosom. But the most interesting of all these relics of the past are the remains of the hoary sheilings, scattered over the uplands in considerable numbers. There is one cluster especially that attracts one's notice on account of its large size and apparently great age. These sheilings are in the corry of Ben Lawers, following up the old zigzag peat-track on the western bank of the Carie Burn till the first plateau, where the people used to make peats, is reached. Here is a curious assemblage of circular foundations made of stones and turf, looking wonderfully green in contrast with the dark bogs around them—an oasis in the wilderness. All tradition of these sheilings has disappeared in the district; and several hundreds of years must therefore have elapsed since they were in active use.

Sitting on one of the stones of these broken-down huts—when the shades of evening are beginning to fall, and to cast over the landscape that brown hue which is so conducive to meditation—you try to picture the curious state of things which they so vividly recall. What an idyllic mode of life that residence in the mountain sheiling during the summer months of long ago must have been! It has disappeared from Scotland for nearly a hundred years; but it still survives in Norway and Switzerland. In the *saeter* of the Norwegian fjelds and in the *châlet* of the Swiss Alps, we have a picture of what the old life of the Scotch sheiling must have been.

I have said that the cultivation of the Highlands was in former times more on the heights than in the valleys, in places that are

now overgrown with heather on the moorlands. But, higher than the highest line of corn-growing fields, there are spots among the hills where a carpet of the greenest and smoothest turf is laid among the brown heather and the black peat-moss. Some bright knolls, covered with the most compact grass, rise above the quaking marshes ; and on the sheltered side of one of these green mounds, where the ground is especially dry and hard, the rude sheiling was built of the rough stones lying about, without any cement, and roofed with branches of trees and bits of sod. It had no comforts of any kind, and barely afforded shelter from the elements. The inmates, especially when the weather was severe, had to rough it in a way that would have astonished our modern tramps and lowest poor. They lived an almost entirely open-air life, constantly engaged in watching their cattle and in milking them at suitable times, and storing the milk and converting it into butter and cheese. Beside the sheiling there was always a little rill that flowed past all day with its manifold voices, as it rippled over its irregular bed or fell over a barrier rock in lines of white foam into swirling brown pools, and all night sang its quiet tune ; while the moonlight whitened the rude roofs under whose shelter human hearts were dreaming. The water of the streamlet was necessary not only for drinking, but also for washing the milk-dishes and preparing the butter. Around were patches of verdure scattered over the stony hillsides or over the rugged corries ; and there the dun-coloured cows browsed diligently all day, and obediently came to be relieved of their milky spoil at the call of the maidens.

To these sheilings the grown-up women of the farm retired about the beginning of June each year, and remained in this seclusion among the hills, far from the dwellings of their nearest neighbours, till the end of August or September, when the

labours of the harvest demanded their help, and when the shortening days and the decaying verdure reminded them of the necessity of returning to the farm on the low grounds. But the maidens were not so solitary as one might suppose. Young men, their friends and sweethearts, came up from the farms from time to time to cheer them when their own work was over. And the romance of love in such novel circumstances shed a halo over the passing hours. The pathetic song of the "Flowers of the Forest" alludes to the courting of the lads and lasses among the green knowes around the mountain sheiling. The maidens, when left alone, often beguiled the time in singing; and many a beautiful Gaelic song describes the charm of this simple pastoral life. One of the oldest and most popular of the Highland songs is a sheiling-song called "Crodh Callein," or "Collin's Cattle," whose music afterwards developed into the plaintive tune of "Lochaber no more." It is curious how this emigrant's farewell of Scotland, which breathes the purest love of country, should have grown out of a cow-song, like the "Ranz des Vaches" of Switzerland. The song of "Crodh Callein" marks the transition from the huntsman's life to the pastoral and agricultural. The first was considered for a long time the nobler and manlier mode of life; and it was with reluctance that the roving huntsman settled down to the tame pursuits of the shepherd and farmer. By-and-by, as the old mode of life receded into the past, and the new became more common and confirmed, a well-stocked farm and a herd of milk-giving cattle browsing around the sheiling were thought far more of than the huntsman's skill and daring and the chance products of the chase. The song in question indicates the beginning of this preference; for the cattle of Collin, who was a huntsman, were in reality the wild deer of the mountain, and they were cunningly alluded to under figures of speech which changed

their identity, and made them seem the cattle of the byre and the sheiling, as if only under this semblance were they of any consideration.

It not infrequently happened that what was called a *creach* took place in some lonely mountain sheiling, and the cattle were carried away by marauders of another clan, to the great mortification and sorrow of the helpless maidens in charge. There is a story of such a *creach* that happened about two hundred and fifty years ago, and gave rise to another popular Highland song. The men of Keppoch at that time came down in force upon the defenceless sheiling of Cashlie near the head of Glenlyon, in the neighbourhood of where I was staying. They carried away all the cattle and the two dairymaids who were in charge of them. The Glenlyon men, made aware of the raid, pursued them as they were marching northwards to their home, and, coming upon them at the west end of the glen, a desperate fight ensued, in which the reavers were defeated with great loss. During the combat one of the dairymaids was slain; and the other was brought back by the victors to Meggerney Castle, where she composed the touching song descriptive of her feelings on the harrowing occasion. The name of this musical Highland maid has not survived, although that of her companion who was killed has been handed down to us, and associated with a cairn still standing on the scene of the tragedy, called Carn Mic Cridhe, or Macrie's Cairn. Memories of love and war are connected with the gray ruins of the shielings; and the names of some of them recall many a stirring deed. The effect of this mode of life in developing the musical and poetic instincts of the people is remarkable. It would furnish many a picturesque theme for the romance-writer. In this field there is hid a rich treasure of human story waiting to be appropriated by some original genius—as a new kind of kailyard literature. On

the shoulders and in the corry of Mael Ghlas, and up in the gloomy ravine of Larich-an-Lochan, there are ruins of numerous sheilings, bearing witness to a large population that once inhabited this part of Lochtayside. In the wild recesses of Creag-an-Lochan, the growth of the nettle around shapeless heaps of mossy stones still testifies to human occupation, and shows how, as in Switzerland, the wildest parts of the Scottish mountains were not left to waste their scanty crops of spontaneous grass uneaten by the cattle of the dairymaid.

On the opposite side of Loch Tay are the village and inn of Ardeonaig, which means the height of Eonan, or Adamnan, to whom the first church on the site was dedicated. Between it and the beach, in the middle of a cultivated field, are the ruins of an old mansion-house called Mains Castle, which was once the residence of the Barons of Dall, scions of the House of Glenorchy. One of these barons wished to marry the niece of Sir Duncan Campbell, and his suit was favoured by the noble friends of the lady. But she loved and married Macgregor of Coul, a prominent member of the proscribed clan with whom the knights of Glenorchy were at feud. About a year after the marriage the unfortunate husband was captured by his ruthless foes, and beheaded at Kenmore. His distracted wife composed a most touching Gaelic elegy on the occasion, and lulled her infant son to sleep with a song of vengeance against the murderers of his father.

At a very early period the whole of the lands of Ardeonaig, as Mr. Christie informs us, belonged to the old Earls of Lennox, and were for a while in possession of the hapless Isabella, Duchess of Albany, whose husband and two sons were executed at Stirling in 1425. Through marriage the lands passed in 1587 to the Napiers of Merchiston, from whom the celebrated inventor of logarithms was descended; then to the Macgregors, afterwards to

A glimpse of Ben Lawers and Loch Tay, from above Kenmore.

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a branch of the Campbells of Glenorchy, and finally to the House of Breadalbane. The charm-stone of the Campbells of Ardeonaig is still treasured by one of their descendants; and is supposed to be very efficacious in preventing or curing disease. It is quite different from the crystal talisman of the Breadalbane family, being of pale red granite. A hoary fragment of the old church, with its surrounding burying-ground, may still be seen above the village. It used to be called Cill ma Charmaig, and was dedicated to a saint of that name who lived about 640 A.D., and is mentioned in St. Aêngus' Litany.

At Ardeonaig, as well as in several other places on Lochtay-side, there were skilful weavers, who converted the wool of the native sheep spun by the women into most serviceable cloth for the garments of both sexes, and also into blankets and plaids. Linen sheets for the use of the living and the dead, without a due plenishing of which no bride went to her new abode, were also homespun and home-woven. With the use of native plants, such as the bark of the alder for black, and that of the willow for flesh colour, rue for red, crotal or cudbear from lichens for brown or purple, tormentil roots and heather-sprigs for yellow, the women in almost every farm were competent to produce remarkably fine and durable colours. Specimens of old tartan, dyed in this fashion, have retained their hues in their original brilliancy after the lapse of nearly two hundred years. In connection with this native manufacture there was a curious custom called *luadhadh*, which Pennant described in his "Tour," and Sir Walter Scott witnessed during his visit to Dunvegan, in Skye—but which has long ago disappeared in Breadalbane. This luadhadh was the fulling or walking of the native cloth, by the hands or feet of the women working backwards and forwards on each side of a long board. It was considered an important social function, to which

all the women of a hamlet gathered, and was always accompanied by music and feasting. The rhythmic movements of the actors were regulated by their singing, as indeed were the reaping, rowing, grinding with the quern, and most other occupations of the ancient Highlanders. The songs sung during the process, called *Orain luadhadh*, were very numerous and varied, and some of them had considerable musical merit, and still linger in the memories of an older generation with a sad tenderness.

On the heights above Ardeonaig are primitive fortifications, whose lines can be distinctly traced, guarding the pass across the hills to Comrie and Crieff. Farther down the lake there was a still more frequented pass to the lowlands, which derives its name from this circumstance—Ardtalanaig, the High Pass. This village was formerly one of the most important places on Lochtay-side, having a pass on the one side over the hills, and a ferry on the other side over the loch. Local tradition points to the site of a castle on the farm of Milton, which the early Scottish kings inhabited when they came here for hunting and fishing, but which has entirely disappeared. Near it a hoary cairn called Carnbane is popularly believed to have been piled over the remains of a mythical brother of Banquo, the Thane of Lochaber, who fell here in an encounter with the chief. The moothill, as Mr. Christie reminds us, originated a grim proverb of congratulation in the district, from the fact that one of the Bailies named Macintosh, who came here from time to time to administer justice, never did so without hanging one or more persons : "It is not every day that Macintosh holds his Court." The hills above Ardtalanaig, according to the Geological Survey, are "highly mineralised." Mines of copper pyrites were worked for many years by the late Marquis, who had a special love for

mineralogy, and spent large sums in developing the metallic resources of his estate. He established at Ardtalanaig elaborate works, with long galleries which penetrated far into the hillside, and built houses inhabited by Welsh miners, which were the centre of a busy industry; but the distance from market prevented the produce from being remunerative, and after awhile the works were abandoned, leaving behind only melancholy heaps of débris. Silver was found among the lead ore in the neighbourhood in considerable quantity, and even gold to an appreciable degree, so that the Marquis was able to get some personal trinkets made of it. It is possible that with the facilities now afforded by boat and rail, formerly unknown, it might at some future time be worth while to revive this mining industry. It might be mentioned that native gold was found by the late Marquis on the hillside near the present railway station at Lochearnhead, where a mine was worked for some time, but given up as the quantity was too small to pay.

Beyond Kiltyrie, on the north side of Loch Tay, the road reaches its highest point, and a large mass of upright pointed rock, split from top to bottom, with a cavity between, forms a singular landmark. Here the eastern horizon at the top of the long slope comes for the first time into view, and the prospect extends to the end of the loch, and to the Atholl hills far beyond. This spot is about the centre of Scotland, being equally distant from John o' Groats to the Mull of Galloway, and from the Atlantic to the German Ocean. It must have been as noteworthy to the prehistoric inhabitants of the district as it is to our eyes; for they selected the rocky landmark alluded to as a grave-stone for their primitive cemetery, and close beside it, on the dry heathy turf, they arranged their rude cists, separated from each other by half-sunken slabs; and there they laid their dead, with that glorious

expansive horizon to east and west of them, and dreamt of the happy hunting-grounds of the immortals.

To the east of this spot are the lands of Carwhin, whose owners, owing to frequent failures in the direct line of descent, came into the Breadalbane succession, in the person of the fourth Earl, in 1782. Created a marquis some time afterwards, his son entered into the great inheritance in 1834; but, having no issue at his death in 1862, the male line of the Carwhin family became extinct, after less than a hundred years of unwonted splendour, and the Breadalbane titles and estates went to another branch of the Glenorchy Campbells. The very title Carwhin, as a territorial designation, has disappeared, and the lands have received new names. But the present farmhouse of Blairmore is built of the stones of the old mansion-house; and at the east end of it there are the foundations of a building still called the "Black Chamber," from its having been connected with some tragic deed. In a romantic hollow of the surrounding pine-wood may be seen the place where the open-air court of justice used to be held by the Barons, contrary to the usual custom, which always placed such judicial gatherings on mounds called moothills. Above this court hollow there is a grey precipitous rock, fringed with tall firs and larches, called Craig-na-croich, where the gallows stood on which summary justice was executed upon local criminals. In the centre of the wood the ancient graveyard of the district can be distinguished, though smoothed over and obliterated, and forming part of the grassy sward of the forest. Here the rude forefathers of those whose remains repose in the costly vaults of Finlarig Mausoleum have passed into dust, and the pine-tree drops its golden needles silently over them through the long lapse of the unheeded years. The public road at one time ran through this charming secluded spot, far below its present course, and much

nearer the loch ; and an old-fashioned inn gave accommodation to the rare visitor, whose sleep would be deepened by the sigh of the wind in the pine-woods, and by the murmur of the current from the burn that set in motion the picturesque meal-mill close at hand.

Farther east, nearer the shore of the loch, is the ancient Thanedom of Grannich, which was granted by the Earl of Atholl to the Menzies' family of Weem, in 1327, and held by them for more than three hundred years. The Campbells of Glenorchy finally purchased it, and succeeded to all the rights and privileges of the old Thanes. It is a place of immemorial antiquity, for in a field in front of a farm-house called Balnahanait—a name derived from an old church that once stood there—stone coffins have been dug up from time to time, indicating the site of a primitive forgotten cemetery. Nearer the loch used to be the burying-ground of the district called Cladh Phobuil, but every trace of it has now disappeared. All these relics point to the fact that this must have been a sacred spot in pre-historic and early Christian times ; and the sacredness continued till the beginning of last century, when it fell into neglect, chiefly through the removal by death and emigration of the old people of the district.

But the most interesting of all the spots on Lochtayside is Lawers. It is a bare, open, treeless region, high above the loch, with keen bracing air, deriving a sense of dignity and grandeur from the lofty cone of the mountain, to which it ever looks up with reverent eyes. The ascent of Ben Lawers, about 4,000 feet high, is usually made by the cart-road along the side of the Lawers burn, by which the people carry down their peats from the bogs high up. As far as this road goes, the ascent is easy and gradual, but the next stage, across the burn, and over very rough, steep ground, is longer and more laborious. From the highest plateau, covered

with a soft carpet of woolly-fringe moss, the track mounts abruptly upward along the edge of a steep acclivity, terminating in a narrow ridge overhanging a gigantic corry, in which reposes a dark, lonely tarn called Loch-na-cat. From the edge of this Alpine lochan, tower up almost perpendicularly, for nearly 3,000 feet, the magnificent cone-shaped peaks of Glenlyon. A hard pull along the sharp ridge, resembling the roof of a house, brings the climber to the top of the mountain. Beside the cairn on the crest, at a height of 4,000 feet, the eye commands, on a clear day, a view which for extent, variety and grandeur, cannot be surpassed in Britain. The panorama of hoary summits that crowd the horizon, including all the principal mountains of Scotland—Ben Nevis, Cairngorm, Ben Lomond, Ben-y-ghlo, the Paps of Jura, Ben Wyvis—is perfectly bewildering. The nearer precipitous peaks of grey and green are especially grand and impressive; while the sun catches the mirrors of numerous lochs among the Alpine solitudes, and causes them to shine out with wonderful radiance in the gloom.

But it is not for the magnificence of its prospects only, or chiefly, that Ben Lawers is celebrated. It is by far the best botanical habitat in the kingdom, the Mecca of the collector of rare and interesting alpine plants. He cannot spend a week more profitably and pleasantly than in exploring the huge sides and broad summit of this hill. Every step leads to a botanical surprise; and almost every plant is either altogether new, or so rare and unfamiliar as to excite a thrill of gratification. The micaceous schist of which it is composed is of a very soft and friable nature, and is easily weathered, forming on its surface a deep layer of rich soil, admirably adapted to the wants of an alpine or arctic vegetation. Being the prevailing formation in the Norwegian and Lapland mountains, as well as in the Arctic

On the Tay below Kenmore Bridge, and Ben Lawers.

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regions, it is obvious that the Scandinavian plants which emigrated southwards would find, wherever this rock cropped out sufficiently high above the surrounding surface, peculiarly favourable conditions for their growth. We are particularly struck with this when we compare the rich and varied alpine vegetation of the Breadalbane mica-schists, with the generally meagre and stunted vegetation of the Braemar and Ben Nevis granites. The renowned fertility of the Ben Lawers range must also be attributed to its geographical position, highly advantageous in a meteorological point of view. The south-west winds, which come loaded with moisture from the Atlantic, meet with this great ridge running along the centre of Perthshire, high above the other ranges, and rushing up its cooler sides, condense their vapours, disengage their latent heat, and produce that mild climate with almost continual rain or drizzling mist, in which alpine plants delight during the period of growth; whereas to the Cairngorm Mountains the same winds come deprived of their moisture, and bring dry, cold weather.

The common species of plants which are found on every hill of sufficient altitude in Britain, and which constitute the sole alpine flora, are not only more abundant in individual forms on Ben Lawers, but also attain more luxuriant proportions, so that they give a rich and beautiful appearance to the higher grounds in the glowing summer months; while, as I have said, an unusually large proportion of plants is exclusively restricted to this mountain. The rarest of our saxifrages, the *S. cernua*, is found nowhere else in Britain than on the extreme top of Ben Lawers, where it seldom flowers, but is kept in existence by means of viviparous bulbs, in the form of little red grains produced in the axils of the smaller upper leaves. It has a wide range of distribution throughout the whole Arctic circle. So frequently within

the last sixty years have specimens been gathered from this well-known station, that it is difficult to find one now, and usually it is dwarfed and deformed; so that at no distant date one of the oldest and most interesting members of the British flora will in all likelihood disappear from the only locality known for it in this country. On the highest ridge of the mountain occurs, among the débris of rocks, the *Draba rupestris*, an alpine whitlow grass, very small and insignificant-looking, but important as being one of the most arctic and alpine plants in Scotland. Passing down from the cairn that crowns the highest point, we come to a small corry, where at the foot of a lofty dripping precipice, among shaggy beds of rare alpine mosses, are congregated a few dense tufts of the Alpine sandwort (*Alsine rubella*), closely allied to the chickweed of our gardens, only found in one other station in Britain, and a few clumps of the snowy gentian (*Gentiana nivalis*), which remind us of the Alps of Switzerland, clinging tenaciously to the very skirts of Flora to save them from extinction. There is one flower found on Ben Lawers which alone is worth all the fatigue of the ascent. This is the alpine forget-me-not (*Myosotis alpestris*). Its flowers form a dense coronet of the loveliest turquoises. Although abundant on the pastures of the Swiss Alps, where I have often gathered it, in Britain it is confined to the Breadalbane mountains. On Ben Lawers it crowns with a garland of rich blue tufts the precipitous crags which jut out from the western side of the hill. Fortunately for the preservation of the plant, it is a hazardous undertaking to gather it there. Its perfume is very volatile, being sometimes almost imperceptible, and at other times very strong, and suggestive of the honey smell of the clover fields left far below. Among the most abundant plants near the top of Ben Lawers is the curious *Cherleria sedoides*, or mossy cyphel. It carpets the whole ground in some

sheltered nook with its tufted moss-like foliage, among which the minute greenish petals and stamens of the flowers almost escape observation. Its long, tough, woody root penetrates deeply the stony soil, and so hardy is its nature that it flourishes green and luxuriant under the chilling pressure of huge masses of snow, and under the unmitigated glare of the scorching summer sun.

Of ferns Ben Lawers possesses two of the rarest species in Britain. The *Woodsia hyperborea* grows in small compact tufts on the ledges of almost inaccessible precipices on this mountain, and on the great rock overhanging the loch of Larig-an-lochan, the pass to Glenlyon from Lochtayside. And the *Cystopteris montana* grows on the alpine turf covering the top of the cliffs above Loch-na-cat, where it appears at the beginning of June, and fades early in August. Ben Lawers possesses a remarkably varied and peculiar cryptogamic flora, several species of which are found nowhere else. In the crevices of the highest rocks may be observed a curious lichen called *Verrucaria Hookeri*, spreading over the blackened and hardened turf in white turgid scales, which is quite different from any other lichen with which we are acquainted, and is found nowhere else in the world. Curiously enough there is associated with it a moss also peculiar to the spot, the *Gymnostomum cæspititium*, which grows in dense brownish-green tufts, with numerous glossy capsules nestling among the leaves. The fallen rocks in the crater-like hollow are covered with the dispersed tumid yellowish-white warts of the *Lecanora frustulosa*, a lichen found nowhere else in Britain, and exceedingly rare even in Norway. But there are scores of other lichens and mosses which are most interesting to the botanist on account of their extreme rarity and isolation, which I cannot enumerate in this place. And one of them, the loveliest of all, first found here by the Rev. Mr. Stewart, the parish minister of Killin, *Solorina*

crocea, the saffron Solorina, spreads over the bare earth near the top its rich rosettes of vivid green above and brilliant orange below. All these alpine mosses and lichens are the common familiar vegetation of the Lapland and Iceland plains, and cover Greenland and Melville Island with the only verdure they possess.

Alpine hares on the upper heights of Ben Lawers sit up behind the grey boulders from which they are hardly distinguishable, watching leisurely the movements of the approaching visitor ; while ptarmigans, their plumage changing from pure white to mottled brown, the colour of the lichened rocks, wheel round the highest crags, and utter their wild eerie cry. The mountain, too, has human traditions which add to its interest. The waterfall in the burn that issues out of the dark tarn of Loch-na-cat gave shelter, on one occasion, in a cave behind its veil of waters descending from an overhanging rocky ledge, to an outlawed Macgregor, pursued by his enemies with the aid of an Italian bloodhound. Tradition says that this peculiar breed of bloodhounds was suckled by a Macgregor woman in order the more effectually to track the hapless clan. The pursuers failed to find the fugitive, and abandoned the search ; but the dog remained sniffing up and down the heather where the Macgregor had entered the water and so destroyed the scent. From his secure retreat Macgregor shot him dead, with a well-directed arrow from his bow—the last dog of that fierce race which the outlaws had so much reason to dread.

The structure of Ben Lawers is very remarkable. It owes its form " not to the upward curving of the schistose layers of which it is composed, but to their downward sinking," so that it actually lies in a basin or trough, and what in geological formation is a depression, has, as I have already said, by denudation, become a

wide-based, broad-shouldered mountain ; while the basin of Loch Tay, which was originally an elevation, has been turned into a deep valley. The mountain and the loch have thus changed places in geologic time. A vein of limestone separates between the quartzose rocks of the basin of the loch and the schistose rocks of the mountain, which must have been a coral-reef in the primeval seas, fringing the micaceous mud, deposited at their bottom, which at length formed the material for the huge mountain.

Near the pier of Lawers stands the lonely old church of the district, which has long been suffered to fall into decay. It was built in 1669, evidently from the materials of an older church in the vicinity. There was a local prophecy to the effect that when an ash tree should grow out of its wall, and attain a sufficient size to overshadow its roof, the sacred building would be converted into a barn. This prophecy has been fulfilled, for an ash whose seed had been originally dropped into a crack in the north wall, has now become a considerable tree, and instead of guarding the building, as the old superstition connected with that tree alleged it ought to have done, it hastened its decay, and the church is now used for storing agricultural produce. The burying-ground of the locality, called Cladh Machuim, lies a short distance to the eastward across the burn of Lawers ; and the original church must have stood on that site in pre-Reformation times.

In this charming secluded spot, with the waters of the loch laving the pebbly beach below, and the lofty peak of Ben Lawers looking proudly down upon it, are interred Macdiarmids, Macgregors, Macmartins, Camerons, Andersons, Crerars and Campbells, whose ancestors long ago were at perpetual feud with one another, but now they all rest together under the common sod. The little quiet burying-ground used to be altogether

neglected, with broken down walls and unsightly weeds, in the culpable manner of old Highland graveyards; but within recent years it has been greatly improved, and made more worthy of the beautiful scenery around it. When the inhabitants first began to emigrate from this district, the hardest thing to part with was this little resting-place of the beloved dead, and their greatest pang in going to a foreign land arose from the thought that their bones should not be laid beside them; "Cha till, cha till, cha tille, me tuille" Dr. Norman Macleod tells a touching story in his "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish," about the piper of an old family, which was broken up by the death of the last laird. Poor Duncan had to leave the home that had long sheltered him and his ancestors. "The evening before he sailed he visited the tomb of his old master, and playing the family pibroch, while he slowly and solemnly paced round the grave, his wild and wailing notes strangely disturbed the silence of the lonely spot where his chief lay interred. Having done so, he broke his pipes, and laying them on the green sod, departed to return no more." There are few now living in the old haunts around who can claim kindred with the silent inhabitants of Machuim, the "Field of the Dead," as the name means.

In the same neighbourhood there is a two-storied house, now in ruins, which had originally a thatched roof, regarded as an unusual feature in such a building. This was the family residence of the Campbells of Lawers, the ancestors of the Earls of Loudoun. One of the former possessors was the famous "Lady of Lawers," whom tradition gifted with the power of foretelling future events; and many of her predictions are firmly believed in the district to have been fulfilled to the very letter. The lands of Lawers, according to Mr. Christie, were the earliest possessions in Perthshire of the Glenorchy Campbells. They belonged

Kenmore Pier and Ben Lawers.

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originally to the Macmillans, who were driven out by Chalmers of Lawers in the reign of David II. One of the Chalmers, Thomas, was accused of having taken part in the murder of James I. at Perth, and in consequence his estate was forfeited, and passed to Sir Alexander Campbell in 1473. Above the old church, by the side of the Lawers burn, there are disused lint-mills, erected by the well-known Hugh Cameron, who was the first to introduce spinning-wheels into Breadalbane, and had a great reputation for the construction of different kinds of machinery. This remarkable native genius is said to have lived to the extraordinary age of 112 years, dying in 1815.

At Fearnan Pier there is a beautiful bay, with the dark purple mountains of Glenlyon rising abruptly beyond in the low break in the Breadalbane range, forming a magnificent background. A number of white houses fringe the pebbly beach, and gleam through the trees among the fields, on the sunny brae-face overlooking the loch. In the last century the spot was far more populous than it is now, and an old village occupied the site of the present burying-ground—where are the graves of many Robertsons who inhabited the locality—when the lands belonged to Robertson of Struan, who received a grant of them from James II. on account of the help given by him in capturing the murderers of the king's father. There is a curious spot in a field in the neighbourhood which shows a different colour from the rest of the soil whenever it is newly ploughed. This circumstance indicates the position of a primitive church, dedicated to St. Ciaran, one of the most famous saints of Ireland, with whose name many ancient churches in Scotland are associated, on account of his friendship with St. Columba, who is said to have written a poem in his praise. The only relic of this institution now surviving is the font, with a cross carved at the bottom, which lies neglected

on a bank by the roadside. Not far off a rude upright stone with a cross roughly sculptured on it marks the place where, according to tradition, the markets of the locality were at one time held. Many a place in the Highlands received its name from the markets that used to be held there, indicating that the country was much more thickly peopled at one time than it is now, and that a variety of industries was formerly carried on which have entirely disappeared with the hum of busy life. Above the Birks of Aberfeldy there is a lonely hamlet called Marrackmore, which was at one time the principal market-place of the district. In Glenorchy there is a small knoll called Tom-a-Mhargaid, or the Market Knoll; and on the level summit of Dun Bhaille Righ in Benderloch there is a green space called Sraid-a-Mhargaidh, the Market Street. But these spots are now utterly deserted; and the trafficking in bows and arrows, and the once-renowned Isla blades, forged by the smiths of that island from native iron, and in the suits of armour made by the famous Macnabs of Barachastailan, has vanished with those who used these long-forgotten weapons of a stormy period.

A road leads through a narrow glen to the magnificent pass of Glenlyon, where the river Lyon breaks through the precipitous hills which approach very closely on either side, and roars and foams among dark rugged rocks in its channel, on its way to mingle its waters with the Tay. Near the village of Fortingal, on the haugh beside the river, are indistinct undulating mounds and trenches overgrown with grass and heather, supposed to be the site of a Roman camp, which the outposts of the Roman army of Septimius Severus constructed in this remote region in the second century. And in the churchyard of the district there are the relics of one of the oldest yew-trees in the kingdom. In the time of Pennant, about 1772, when its trunk was entire, it measured fifty-six feet in

Falls of Acharn, Loch Tay.

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circumference. But since then it decayed completely in the centre, leaving only some bleached fragments at the corners of the enclosure. But from one of these separate ribs vigorous shoots have sprung up, which are covered with dark green foliage, as fresh and luxuriant as in its early prime, filling the whole place with its dense growth. The tree is said to be 2,600 years old; and Sir Robert Christison, counting its rings and considering the slow growth of this species of tree, came to the conclusion that it could not be much short of that age. But my friend, Dr. John Lowe, in his recent work on yew-trees, thinks this age greatly exaggerated; and believes that its trunk attained its vast dimensions by a composite mode of growth, through a coalescence of distinct shoots springing from its own base. But in any case it may be justly considered what Decandolle called it, "one of the veterans of European vegetation." In all likelihood the Fortingal yew is a relic of the Nature worship of the pre-Christian inhabitants of the locality. The tree being an evergreen was considered typical of human immortality, and the rejuvenescence so peculiar to it would be a symbol of the resurrection. Under its shade the people would meet to perform their sacred rites; and afterwards, when Christianity was introduced, the very presence of the venerable yew would prove an attraction to its site, and the pagan grove would become the Christian church, and the customs connected with its worship would be engrafted on the Christian religion.

On the opposite shore of the loch is the hamlet of Acharn, where a local guide conducts the visitor to a very charming waterfall formed by the Acharn burn, which flows through a deep ravine. The pathway ends at the door of a grotto; and creeping through a narrow subterranean passage in total darkness, you emerge into daylight in a moss-lined hermitage, built on a rocky

ledge fronting the waterfall, and adorned with stuffed specimens of the wild animals of the woods around, and with deers' antlers. Over a dark rock the burn falls in a widening stream for upwards of eighty feet into a deep black pool at the bottom of the ravine, and the flash of milk-white waters, the all-pervading murmurous sound in the air, and the clouds of green foliage overhanging and dappling with lights and shades the foaming cascade, produce a very striking effect. This impression used to be much enhanced by the sudden appearance of the guide in the room, dressed like a hermit in skin garments, with a long venerable beard of lichens. The late Marquis of Breadalbane wished to get a man who would immure himself there habitually and live the real life of a hermit; but no one could be found bold enough to act the part. Burns visited this romantic spot in 1787, during his tour in Breadalbane, and wrote the following stanzas over the mantelpiece in the parlour of Kenmore Inn, in commemoration of his visit:—

"Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell;
The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;
The incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods.
Here Poesy might wake her heaven-taught lyre,
And look through Nature with creative fire;
Here to the wrongs of Fate half reconciled,
Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild;
And Disappointment in these lonely bounds
Find balm to soothe her rankling, bitter wounds;
Here heart-struck Grief might heavenward stretch her scan
And injured Worth forget and pardon man."

Chapter IV.

KENMORE AND TAYMOUTH CASTLE.

As is usual with Highland lochs, the head of Loch Tay, where it penetrates into the heart of the mountains, is much grander than the foot. But the scenery of the east end is, nevertheless, in its own way exceedingly beautiful. The green fields and pastures that rise up in gentle slopes on the south side, and the romantic heights of Drummond Hill on the northern, clothed from the shore of the loch to the very top with an unbroken pine forest, impart to this end of the loch a quiet charm of their own. No more picturesque situation could be chosen than that of the village of Kenmore ; and the village and the landscape, through years of mutual association, seem to have grown into harmony with each other. You cannot imagine the village anywhere else; nor can you picture the romantic promontory which projects into the loch, without its appropriate crown of rustic dwellings.

The village may be said to be water-born, and to have grown out of the lake, for in the sixteenth century its site was known only as a ferry station, and the first house that was built was that of the ferryman, whose boat carried the natives from one side of the river Tay, where it issues from the loch, to the other. It now forms a wide open square of picturesque whitewashed cottages, with plots of flowers in front, and adorned with trellises of roses and climbing shrubs. Nowhere is the scarlet Tropœolum seen in

such gorgeous masses of colour as on the walls of these houses, glowing like flames in the vital sunshine.

A lofty arched gateway covered with ivy, leading to the grounds of Taymouth Castle, closes up the lower end of the square, and lends an air of baronial grandeur to the place ; while a commodious inn, ornamented with rustic porch and trellis-work of rough pine-wood, forms a link of connection with the large outer world. It was in the parlour of this inn that Robert Burns wrote on the wall over the mantelpiece the following lines, expressive of his admiration of the scenery :—

> "The outstretching lake, embosomed 'mong the hills,
> The eye with wonder and amazement fills ;
> The Tay meandering sweet in infant pride,
> The Palace rising on its verdant side,
> The lawns, wood-fringed in Nature's native taste,
> The hillocks dropped in Nature's careless haste ;
> The arches striding o'er the new-born stream ;
> The village glittering in the noontide beam."

The wooded heights of Drummond Hill seem to overhang the village, with a large open space of green pasturage, called Rhivard, near the top, once inhabited, but now a lonely oasis in the forest, drawing the imagination upwards to more wonderful scenes beyond. The trees come pressing close around the houses in serried ranks, bounding the green promontory on which they stand with the free-curving lines which Nature alone can draw. The lofty mountains withdraw their stern influences, and serve here with their gentler slopes and heights to frame the lovely picture, and secure it from all intrusion from the outer world. Every visitor greatly admires the neatness and cleanness of the village. The houses have always been occupied by retainers of the Castle ; and the noble owners have taken a special pride in maintaining its charming appearance, and stimulating the good

In Kenmore Village.

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taste of the inhabitants. Nor are their intellectual wants neglected, for a handsome reading-room and library, stored with a large selection of the best literature, have been generously provided by the present Marchioness, who has always taken a deep interest in the welfare of the tenants on the estate.

In the Square, local markets, which used to take place on Sundays and holy-days in the churchyard of the old church of Inchadin, have been held for about three hundred years. In former times they were inaugurated by an imposing ceremony, in which officials, armed with Lochabar axes, or halberts, and preceded by a piper discoursing appropriate music, marched round the Square, occupied by the booths and stalls filled with merchandise of various kinds, and country produce, and declared the market open. On the 26th July a fair is still held every year, called Feille-nam-ban-naomh, the Fair of the Holy Women. It was instituted more than four hundred years ago, by the Sisters who lived in the nunnery in the Isle of Loch Tay close at hand, and who came out from their seclusion once a year on this anniversary occasion, to sell their work, and so help to maintain themselves and minister to the wants of the poor.

The dominating feature of the village which first attracts the eye, as it always should, is the Parish Church, with its surrounding churchyard fully exposed to the westering sun, and sloping down to the shore where the wavelets murmur their ceaseless requiem over the dead. It is a plain, substantial building, and with its square tower and clockface rising above a fringe of trees puts one in mind of a rural church in some English county. Among the tombs may be noticed the plain granite monument which covers the remains of the late Maharajah Dhuleep Singh's first child, who died while the son of the great Sikh of the Punjaub lived in

the neighbourhood. The sound of the bell when it is rung on funeral occasions is mellowed by the softening echoes from the woods and waters and hills of the wide amphitheatre around, and imparts a peculiar feeling of old-world sadness to the landscape in keeping with the solemn event.

The present church is a comparatively recent renovation of a previous one that stood on the spot since 1579. An older church existed for a long time contemporaneously with it at a considerable distance to the eastward—which was ultimately abandoned and demolished—as it was found to be inconveniently situated for the bulk of the people, and its site became part of the policies of Taymouth Castle. This primitive church was a very ancient foundation—the oldest probably in Perthshire. It was dedicated to St. Aidin, after whom it was called Inchadin. St. Cuthbert and St. Aidin seem to have passed through this district on their way from Iona to Lindisfarne, and to have left enduring traces of their presence in the religious institutions which they founded among the people.

The churchyard of Inchadin was used not only for the interments of the parish, but also for those of the whole country side, and many of the local lairds and barons were laid to rest in the interior of the church. An English officer of the name of Wogan, is said to have been buried under an oak-tree in this churchyard, or, as some think, in Kenmore, in 1654. He had an adventurous career, well described by Clarendon, having been originally in the army of the Commonwealth, but joined the ranks of the Royalists as a protest against the execution of Charles I., and attached himself to the fortunes of Montrose in Scotland. He was wounded fatally in one of the skirmishes in the vicinity. Sir Walter Scott, in "Waverley," refers to this circumstance in some touching verses, which he attributes to his heroine, Flora McIver. She apostro-

The Reading-room and Entrance to Taymouth Castle, Kenmore.

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phises the oak in the churchyard, under which the English officer was interred :

"Emblem of England's ancient faith,
Full proudly may thy branches wave,
When loyalty lies low in death,
And valour fills a treacherous grave.

"Thy death hour heard no kindred wail,
No holy knell thy requiem rang,
Thy mourners were the plaided Gael,
Thy dirge the clamorous pibroch sang.

"Be thine the tree whose dauntless boughs
Brave summer's drought and winter's gloom ;
Rome bound with oak her patriot's brows,
As Albyn shadows Wogan's tomb."

When the public worship of the district was transferred to the new church of Kenmore, the ancient edifice was used as a barn like the old church of Lawers, and the site of the churchyard was planted with fir trees, which now mark the spot in Taymouth grounds. Some of the tombstones were taken to the new churchyard, and there set up as cenotaphs or memorials of the old place, establishing a superstitious connection between them ; and to this day they may be recognised by the peculiarity that they are placed at the foot, and not, as is customary, at the head of the graves. In a field behind the old church of Inchadin, called Dalmartaig, the markets of the district were held till 1565, when they were removed to Kenmore.

The parochial school of Kenmore in former times had achieved a considerable reputation, owing to the exceptional ability of a succession of teachers of the same family of the name of Armstrong, one of whom was the compiler of a well-known Gaelic Dictionary. They taught the classics with great success, and sent out many pupils, sons of ploughmen, and herds, in the

neighbourhood, who distinguished themselves in various walks of life. Over the Tay, at its outflow from the loch, there is a fine bridge of five arches, which superseded, in 1774, the old ferry. It commands a magnificent view to the westward of a large part of Loch Tay, with the huge bulk of Ben Lawers filling up the horizon, and casting its shadow upon the calm waters at its foot.

Opposite the bridge, and at a short distance from the shore, is a wooded island, which is the only one of any consequence in the whole loch. It has a somewhat romantic history, coming first into notice in 1122 in connection with the death and burial of Sybilla, the Queen of Alexander I. of Scotland, and daughter of Henry I. of England. Tradition is silent as to the reason of the Queen being in this remote spot. But in all likelihood it was a Royal residence at an early period, to which the Kings of Scotland repaired during the fishing season to catch the salmon for which the loch was celebrated; and Queen Sybilla was probably with her husband while engaged in this sport. Perhaps, like the islands of Loch Awe, it had a holy reputation in the early ages of Christianity, owing to its association with some forgotten saint who had built his cell on it; and hence it would be appropriate that the remains of the Queen should be interred there. All the circumstances of the incident, however, are buried in oblivion.

The only thing that is definitely known is that Alexander I. afterwards built a Priory there in memory of his Queen, which he put under the ecclesiastical control of the monks of Scone, who were of the order of St. Augustine. For several hundred years this sacred institution continued to flourish, being supported by the rents of the adjoining farms and of the salmon fishings of the loch, which were apportioned to it by its founder. But afterwards the Priory became a nunnery, and the holy fathers were replaced by a sisterhood who held sway for a time, but were banished,

One of the Islands on Loch Tay.

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as tradition says, owing to their scandalous behaviour, and the sacred building was converted to secular uses. When the Campbells of Glenorchy took possession of this eastern part of their great estate, they utilised the convent as their castle, and modified, enlarged, and fortified it for the purpose. Several of their descendants lived and died there; but after a great fire, which destroyed a large part of the building, in 1509, it ceased to be the residence of the proprietors, who lived henceforth in the new castle at Balloch. It was, however, rebuilt, and the great Marquis of Montrose besieged it on his march into Argyllshire, inflicting upon it, by his guns, serious damages, which were clumsily repaired from the inside during the siege, as is apparent in the ruins at the present day.

It is an interesting circumstance that the House of Graham and the House of Campbell should now be united in the person of the present accomplished and popular Marchioness of Breadalbane, who has commemorated the circumstance in a very happy way, by an inscription in the public Reading-room of Kenmore, on a table made of the wood of the very pear-tree under which Montrose, her ancestor, had encamped during the siege in 1651. General Monk, sent by Cromwell to crush the Highland Royalists, took possession of the fortalice, and held it for a time. During the stay of his soldiers they were much addicted to the new habit of smoking, and are said by tradition to have first introduced tobacco to this district. Several pipes of an antique pattern have been dug up from time to time on the island, as an evidence of this popular belief. When Monk and his soldiers departed, the building was abandoned, and became the picturesque ruin which it now is, concealed by the dense foliage of tall old sycamore trees, making the whole island look like one round, unbroken grove amid the waters.

The garden of the monastery, and afterwards of the castle, was on the mainland directly opposite, and now forms part of Tay mouth Gardens, which extend for a considerable distance along the shore of the loch, and are well worthy of a visit on account of their beautiful walks, great variety of foreign pine-trees, richly variegated flower-beds, and large vineries and greenhouses, stocked with many rare and interesting plants. Of the ancient orchard, a solitary pear-tree, whose trunk is upwards of eleven feet in circumference, is now the only relic. It is probably the oldest and largest pear-tree in Britain. Its companion of equal dimensions, connected with the campaign of Montrose, was blown down by a terrible storm about twenty years ago, after having survived for more than 250 years. The cherry-tree which Pennant noticed in his famous tour, and which had a girth of more than twelve feet, no longer exists. A line of four huge sycamores still marks the place where the ancient orchard was situated.

In the modern garden-wall, opening upon the shore, there is a splendid gateway similar to that at Kenmore Square; and the rich cultivated beauty which it encloses is enhanced by the contrast of the wild scenery around. At the west end of the garden, outside the wall and below the public road, there used to be a swamp, whose edge was fringed with tall clumps of the Flowering Fern. I remember in my boyhood admiring the luxuriance of this rare Osmunda, in the only habitat in all the region. But it has long since vanished, and I have only the ghost of its memory in my mind. It is a great loss that this splendid ornament of our lake-sides in former times should have utterly disappeared, the victim of ruthless collectors, like so many others of our native ferns.

The ascent of Drummond Hill from Kenmore is a most delightful excursion. A good pathway leads to the top, and the

glimpses of the surrounding scenery obtained by the way, combining all the charms of Nature and Art, and the glorious prospect from the highest point, amply repay the fatigue. A new horizon opens up at the back, disclosing the valley of Fortingal, and the lofty peaks of Glenlyon towering up to the westward, lost among the alpine plateaus of the Ben Lawers range, and in the north-east terminating in the sharp cone of Schiehallion, surmounting all the hills, and lying along the sky, like a crouching sphinx, calmly surveying the vast Highland landscape with a seeming air of indescribable pride.

During this excursion the Black Rock of Drummond Hill may be visited, for the sake of its association with the old military defences of the district. This is a projecting crag, which commands a far-reaching view of Loch Tay. In the calm stillness of a summer day, the human voice from that coign of 'vantage can be heard at a great distance. Hence it was used as a place where the first approach of an enemy might be detected, and the people warned by a peculiar cry of their danger. Its name in Gaelic is "Cragan an Eighich," "the Rock of Shouting." It puts one in mind of the top of Gerizim, from whence Jotham proclaimed his parable in the hearing of the men of Shechem at the foot of the hill. When standing, some years ago, on that storied spot, I was astonished to find how far the human voice could reach, for I distinctly heard persons speaking on the opposite slope of Ebal. I did not make the same experiment on the Black Rock of Drummond Hill; but I have no doubt that the shouts of warning, from the sentinel placed on that point of outlook, would be heard by the people of the surrounding district, in favourable conditions of the weather, with the utmost distinctness.

Similar rocks of shouting occur in different parts of this region, which was the great line of communication between the

early civilization of Dalriadic Scotland, in the neighbourhood of Loch Awe, and the rich Pictish territories along the Valley of the Tay towards Perth. Frequent raids and invasions passed to and fro along this great transverse opening among the Breadalbane Mountains, and the inhabitants were kept in a state of constant alarm. In the valley of the Dochart there is Euich, and in Glenlyon, Stron an Eighich, where the old people practised this primitive mode of telephoning their war news. In addition to the aid of sound, they appealed to the eye, which could see an intimation of danger far farther than any human voice could reach. For at the eastern extremity of Drummond Hill there is a spur of precipitous rock, on which are the remains of a very old circular fort built of dry stones in the rudest manner. It is called Dun Mac Tual, and is associated, by tradition as well as by name, with the son of a warlike bishop of Dunkeld, who owned the Appin or Abthanery of Dull, in the vicinity. It was the first link in the chain of forts which extended westwards through Glenlyon to the Atlantic; each occupying a position which was visible to its neighbour. This circumstance would seem to confirm the theory that all these duns or forts were not only places of defence to which the surrounding natives might flee in times of danger, but also signal stations where beacon fires were kindled, by which the news of war were flashed from point to point. They were auxiliaries of the cross of fire. And this idea obtains further support from the fact that the farm on the slope of the hill immediately below the fort is called Achloa, which was originally spelt Achleys, and meant "the field of the signal fire."

On the opposite side of the valley, a winding road mounts up the hill to Glenquaich, and commands a series of splendid views all along the route. In the lonely glen beyond reposes Loch Freuchie, the centre of a fine grouse district, and in itself an

interesting sheet of water associated with wild legends and traditions of far-off days. It is a good fishing loch, and contains an unusual abundance of that alpine trout, the char. There are very few inhabitants in this glen. It has an air of solitude and remoteness, which is exceedingly soothing to one whose nerves have been jaded by the rough contests of the busy world. Here and there are spots of special beauty, some little rude hamlet nestling under its clump of old trees, or a shooting lodge in the midst of its plantation, relieving the blankness of the wilderness around. The name of Shian, on its green knoll, recalls the long-forgotten dances of the fairies around it on moonlight nights. But the whole region seems to have been shunted aside from the crowded track of life, and to belong to a realm of old romance, where time folds its wings, and the shadow on the dial goes back twelve degrees, and the very sunlight seems to be the light of other days, with a fading autumnal sadness in it.

But the great feature of the district is Taymouth Castle. This palatial residence of the Marquis of Breadalbane is situated about a mile from Kenmore, at the east end of an extensive park, which forms a break through the hills, opening out upon Strath Tay, and must at one time have been occupied by a continuation of the waters of Loch Tay. The river now flows through it at the back of the Castle. To this opening the name of Balloch was applied in Gaelic ; and tradition says that the founder of the Castle, when asked why he built his residence at this eastern extremity of his estate, replied, "We'll bruise yont" ; meaning that he would make the Castle ultimately the centre of his domains, which would extend as far to the east as they did to the west. This ambition, however, was not gratified, for the vast bulk of the Breadalbane property has always been to the westward of the Castle, the eastern portion being only a few miles in extent, having been

checked in that direction by the estates of Weem and Grandtully. The property of the Marquis of Breadalbane reaches for a hundred miles from Aberfeldy to Oban, embracing the most elevated ground in Britain, as the name Breadalbane signifies. It is said that an English nobleman, during a visit to the late Marquis, when shown the wonderful view from the top of the Castle, expressed the wish that this magnificent estate were situated in his own Midland county ; whereupon his noble host dryly replied, "In that case I am afraid there would be little ground left to you." The original Castle, built in 1570, was taken down and replaced by the present structure on the same site in 1801, the west wing being added in 1842.

The situation is rather low-lying, and in autumn is apt to be swathed in the grey mists that rise from the river. But the dark, richly-wooded face of Drummond Hill, rising up steeply behind it, forms an imposing background, against which its architectural features come out with very fine effect. Built of grey-green chlorite schist, from the quarry of Bolfracks, a stone which is soft and easily worked when taken out of its bed rock, but hardens speedily on exposure, it harmonises admirably with its magnificent surroundings. It greatly resembles, both in form and material, Inveraray Castle, the seat of the other and older branch of the house of Glenorchy, having the same massive quadrangular pavilion in the centre, towering high above the rest of the building ; but Taymouth Castle is very much larger, having two long wings which project on either side from the main block, and give a very imposing appearance to the whole structure. The entrance hall is one of the finest in Scotland, looking like a cathedral transept, as it rises up in all its magnificent proportions to the roof of the pavilion, 150 feet high ; and the grand staircase that ascends from it is of Gothic design, richly carved

Taymouth Castle.

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and decorated, and is in every way worthy of its architectural setting.

A number of splendid rooms are open to the visitor, including the Library and the Picture Gallery, the Baron's Hall with its great window of stained glass, the beau-ideal of feudal grandeur, and the suite of apartments occupied by Her Majesty and the Prince Consort during their first visit to Scotland in 1842. The Drawing-room is about seventy feet long, and its lofty ceiling is blazoned with arabesque illuminations on a golden ground, and the walls are decorated with elaborately carved woodwork picked out in cream colour and gold. The Gallery leading to the Library, about forty feet long, opens at the entrance between two remarkable figures carved in wood, expressing by their gestures acute suffering, caricaturing the Reformers in Purgatory, said to have been originally taken from a Continental monastery, and terminates at the other end in a glass door, from which a most beautiful glimpse is obtained of the pleasure grounds. The folded screen doors of the Library are most exquisitely carved in oak, whose sombre colour is tastefully relieved by touches of gold and blue ; the ceiling is intersected by pendent arches decorated with the richest tracery ; while the walls are covered with open bookcases, also richly carved, with illuminated tablets above them denoting their literary contents. In my student days I spent many happy hours in this splendid room. The Library, in the late Marquis' time, contained a valuable collection of rare books and editions, which unfortunately were sold and dispersed without their worth being properly known at the time. Among them was the collection of Italian classics formed by Black Duncan, who was a man of culture far beyond his compeers. There was a copy of Caxton's Golden Legend, one of the first printed books in this country, complete except the last page. It was in a dirty and

tattered condition, evidently thrown into a conrer of the Library, and therefore fetched at the sale only fifty pounds. It was disposed of afterwards for three hundred pounds; and finally cleaned and carefully done up with a new binding by a firm that knew its value, it was sold ultimately for £1,250 to an American lady.

The most valuable literary possession of the Castle at present is "The Black Book of Taymouth," which is a mine of information not only upon the genealogy of the successive Campbells of the House of Glenorchy, but also upon the manners and customs of those ancient times. It was to the patronage of the son of Black Duncan, Sir Colin Campbell, the eighth laird of Glenorchy—a man of great enterprise and literary taste—that the Picture Gallery of the Castle was indebted for its specimens of the art of the Scottish painter, George Jameson, the pupil of Rubens and the comrade of Vandyck.

For eight years, between 1633 and 1641, this illustrious limner lived and worked at Taymouth; and Walpole mentions that he accompanied his patron on his travels. During this period he executed portraits of several of the Kings and Queens of Scotland, from Robert the Bruce to Charles I. His principal work, however, was the famous genealogical tree mentioned by Walpole, and described inaccurately by Pennant, with portraits of the different knights of Loch Awe, which were probably as fanciful likenesses as those of the early Scottish Kings in the gallery of Holyrood, done by the same brush, some of which certainly never existed, except in the imagination of the artist. What makes this genealogical group especially interesting is that the ancestor of the family is painted in a tartan plaid and kilt, along with a shirt of mail, which is one of the earliest representations we have of the Highland dress, although it is certain that it was worn long before Jameson's time. Only eight paintings of this early master are now left to

adorn the walls of the Castle, being portraits of the Marquis and Marchioness of Hamilton, the Earls of Mar and Loudoun, Lord Napier, and Sir Robert and Sir John Campbell. But these pictures are hung so high above the doors of the great hall that contains them—and of which they are mere parts of its Gothic decoration, instead of independent pictures—that they cannot be comfortably examined; and they are so dingy that their finest lines are hidden.

The grounds of Taymouth Castle were originally very limited; but successive proprietors enlarged them, until they now embrace the whole valley and comprise a circuit of a dozen miles, obliterating many traces of former occupation. They are distinguished for their wide open spaces of greenest lawn, and for their magnificent trees. Some of the largest and finest oaks, chestnuts, and limes in Scotland may be seen in the park, and along the banks of the river, where they have ample room to grow to their fullest proportions and unfold all their characteristic beauty. Huge larches contemporaneous with those which the Duke of Atholl first brought to this country from the Tyrol, and planted in the grounds of Dunkeld, attract the admiration of the visitor. There is one beech especially which measures forty-three feet in girth at the root, and higher up no less than twenty-two feet. It is a most striking memorial of the old Clachan of Aldivalloch, which once stood on the public highway, on the banks of a picturesque streamlet that flows in a succession of falls down the steep declivity facing the Castle to the south-west.

The inn of this defunct village is still standing, though no longer used as an inn, and is associated with the popular song of "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch," which a local poet composed upon a romantic incident in the life of one of the innkeepers, and which Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, translated somewhat freely from the

original Gaelic. From the picturesque bridge that spans the waterfall of Alt-a-Bheallach at this spot, the finest view may be obtained, through a wide vista in the crowded trees, of Taymouth Castle to the eastward ; its imposing dimensions and architectural symmetry being set off to the greatest advantage by its unrivalled natural surroundings. At the Fort there is a most interesting museum, containing stuffed specimens of the fauna of the estates, and is especially rich in birds, for the area over which they range is very wide. Magnificent antlers deck the walls, the trophies of the chase shot by many illustrious visitors. Some of the animals are now very rare, and others almost extinct in Scotland.

Among the most interesting features of the beautiful demesne, whose rich velvet softness contrasts strikingly with the rugged hills around, is the "Berceau Walk," as it is called, a splendid avenue extending for nearly a mile along the banks of the river, composed of lofty limes whose branches, interwoven at the top, exclude from their arched gloom every inquisitive sun-gleam ; and the rustic Dairy, built of rough blocks of quartz, whose milky whiteness shines out vividly from the green foliage of the surrounding trees. The floors of this ideal dairy are paved with marble, and the walls are inlaid with Dutch tiles. Queen Victoria, during her visit, made some butter in a churn with a silver handle.

Many illustrious personages have from time to time been guests at the Castle. Prince Leopold of Belgium visited it in 1819, when two thousand Highlanders, dressed in their native garb, went through their evolutions on the lawn before him. The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany paid a flying visit to Taymouth ; but unfortunately it was in 1863, after the death of the late Marquis, when there was no one to receive them in the Castle. The present noble proprietors have fully carried out the hospitable

Breadalbane Highlanders.

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traditions of the Castle, having had under their roof the Duke of Cambridge, and Oscar, King of Sweden and Norway, who expressed himself delighted beyond measure with his experience.

But the event which stands out above all others in the history of Taymouth Castle was the visit of the Queen and Prince Albert in 1842. Lord Breadalbane entertained his royal guests during the three days of their stay with a hospitality which, for costly expenditure and variety of splendid pictorial effects, has seldom been equalled. The Breadalbane and Menzies Highlanders, armed with shields and Lochaber axes, formed a long avenue for the approach of the Royal cortège to the entrance of the Castle. A troop of the 6th Carabineers took up their position behind the Highlanders, to lend lustre to the scene by their scarlet uniforms and brazen helmets. Captain Macdougall, wearing the celebrated Brooch of Lorn, which he showed to Her Majesty afterwards, raised the Royal Standard when the Queen entered the Castle. Multitudes from all parts of Scotland crowded the grounds to witness the magnificent spectacle. On the lawn in front of the Royal apartments, the Highlanders, by torchlight, performed a number of dances, including the sword-dance, to the wild music of the bag-pipes. It was altogether a grand idyl which satisfied sense and imagination alike. Nowhere else could such a stage be found for such a wonderful pageant. I remember, vividly, the impression made upon me when, as a boy, I saw, night after night, the wonderful illuminations, the surrounding hills flaming like active volcanoes with huge bonfires, the Highlanders dancing amid the weird lights and shadows of torches in front of the Castle, and the trees and fences in the spacious park twinkling with the jewelled splendour of thousands of fairy coloured lamps hung upon them. It was all like a gorgeous Eastern scene from the "Arabian Nights Entertainments," to

which the wild strains of Highland music, filling all the air, lent a Western magic of their own. On the morning before leaving Taymouth the Queen and Prince Albert planted each an oak and a Scotch fir on the banks of the river, a short distance east from the Castle. These have since grown vigorously, the trunk of the Queen's oak having attained a circumference of five feet, and the fir four feet and a-half, a foot from the ground, while Prince Albert's trees are still larger. Not far off, on the same beautiful lawn, the Empress Eugénie planted an oak and a Scotch fir, during her visit to Taymouth in November, 1860, which have thriven equally well. Strangely enough the Queen's oak had a portion of its top broken off during a storm, which gave it for a time a somewhat stunted appearance. But it has since recovered. What striking vicissitudes of fortune do these trees recall!

Strangely contrasted with the brilliant reception of 1842, was Her Majesty's incognito visit, nearly a quarter-of-a-century afterwards, of which she herself has given us a most touching description in her "Leaves" from her Journal. Along with the Dowager Duchess of Atholl she entered from the public highway by a door in the wall at the Fort Lodge, which commands a most magnificent view of the Castle and the surrounding scenery. The woman who admitted them had no idea who the visitor was. "We looked," says the Queen, "from the height down upon the house below, the mist having cleared away sufficiently to show us everything; and there, unknown, quite in private, I gazed, not without deep emotion, on the scene of our reception twenty-four years ago by dear Lord Breadalbane, in a princely style, not to be equalled in grandeur and poetic effect. Albert and I were then only twenty-three, young and happy. How many are gone that were with us then! I was thankful to have seen it. It seemed unaltered!"

On Drummond Hill.

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Chapter V.

ABERFELDY AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

The road from Kenmore to Aberfeldy is one of the most beautiful in the kingdom. Pennant highly eulogised it in his time; and since then it has been greatly improved. It is one continuous avenue all the way, with birches, sycamores, and oak-trees interlacing their branches overhead, casting down doubles of their leaves upon the white ground, and creating a cool, delicious shade in the summer heat. Openings in the dense foliage occur at wide intervals, through which glimpses may be obtained of the surrounding scenery. But they are usually most tantalising, for they frame, within very narrow limits, pictures of river, valley, and hill, which suggest much more than they reveal, and make the spectator long to see them fully disclosed from the open. The ever-varying beauty of the trees along the road is itself, however, a compensation, and satisfies the eye whose range it confines.

About two miles eastward from Kenmore there is, close to the road on the upper side, one of the most interesting megalithic monuments on the mainland of Scotland. It is not nearly so large as the Stennis or Callernish circles, but it is complete; nearly all the huge stones being upright and in their original position. It occupies an artificial mound, and consists of three concentric circles. The largest stones are in the inner circle, and the smallest on the outside, forming a kind of boundary wall more than sixty yards in circumference. They range in height from four to nine feet. All the stones, which are of granite, schist,

dolerite, and chlorite slate, are smoothed and rounded, bearing distinct evidence of having been transported by glacier action, and deposited at the place where they were erected. A huge lichen-covered recumbent block in the innermost circle is usually pointed out as the altar on which sacrifices were offered to the sun. But the altars of Baal, like the great altars of ancient Greece, always stood outside the temples, which must not be polluted by the shedding of blood. And accordingly, a few feet beyond the outermost circle of this temple, is a long, rough slab, lying level on the green-sward, with a number of cup-hollows excavated in it, in which libations used to be poured. This, and not the recumbent stone in the centre, which had evidently fallen from its original upright position as a member of the circle, must have been the altar stone of the pre-historic shrine ; and a long low mound of loose stones close beside it, half covered over with turf and effaced, which looks like a sepulchral cairn, would, in all likelihood, have something to do with the mysterious rites carried on in the spot.

The effect produced by the sight of this hoary circle of huge monoliths, each casting a well-defined shadow of itself on the sward, with wide open parks stretching around, and half-veiled from the road by umbrageous trees, is exceedingly impressive. It gives to the whole scene the sentiment of vast antiquity. "The foster-child of silence and slow time," it was erected by neolithic men, who by sheer force of straining sinews, aided by wooden levers and rollers, lifted up the great ice-worn blocks that lay scattered upon the ground into an orderly structure. Uncounted centuries old, it must have been the work, not of rude savages, but of a race who were capable of co-operation for an end beyond their mere physical wants, and who had a monumental genius.

A most interesting association with this hoary relic of the past

Remains of Druidical Circle at Croft Moraig.

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is that Robert Burns, when passing by during his famous visit to Breadalbane, "*said his prayers in it*"; marking the words in his diary in italics. This was so characteristic of the poet, who felt drawn to the forgotten pagan worshippers by a tie of kindred sympathy! There are many old-world associations with the place. Its name of Croft Moraig—which means "the field of Mary"—recalls the Catholic faith which superseded the worship of the Pagan sanctuary. Here, too, are still surviving relics of the old village community; for the inhabitants of the neighbouring hamlet of Stix have the grass of a certain part of the surrounding parks in common, and every summer mark out their individual allotments during the hay-making season by distinctive badges of oak, birch, alder, fir, willow, lime, and sycamore branches; each family having its own tree-symbol, which preserves the rights of proprietorship with a sacred exclusiveness.

In the village of Stix was born the Rev. Dr. Stuart of Dunedin, who was one of the earliest and best-known pioneers of New Zealand. As minister of one of the most important Presbyterian churches in the colony, and as Chancellor of the University of Otago, he exercised a deep and far-reaching influence upon the religious character and the educational advancement of the community. He was greatly beloved on account of his unwearied labours, his unselfish benevolence, and his devoted piety; and a public monument, on the other side of the globe, testifies to a young nation's gratitude for all that was done for it by the son of the humble crofter of Stix.

The high embattled wall which encloses the Taymouth policies terminates beyond Croft Moraig, a little below the highway, in a very imposing Gothic arch, flanked by a round ivy-covered tower, which is the principal entrance to the Castle. After this, the road, shaded by fine old trees, leads along the

banks of the Tay, whose waters have been augmented by the confluence of the river Lyon, at the end of Drummond Hill. The broad deep river is a most pleasant companion all the rest of the way, mirroring the overhanging trees on its tranquil surface. Ruskin, in his "Præterita," says of his early life beside the Tay: "I passed my days only with perpetual watching of all the ways of running water; a singular awe developing itself in me of the pools of Tay, where the water changed from brown to blue-black." "Pools of pausing," he called such spaces of quiet, deep, motionless water, and many such there are in the course of the river from Loch Tay to Perth.

On the flat extensive haughs on the other side of the river are seen glimpses of rich corn-lands, all the richer because of the shading of the sunshine that falls upon them by the foliage of the intervening trees. One may well apply to them the language which Ruskin uses, when speaking of similar fields in the neighbourhood of the Fair City: "I hesitate in recording as a constant truth for the world, the impression left on me when I went gleaning with Jessie, that Scottish sheaves are more golden than are observed in other lands, and that no harvests elsewhere visible to human eyes are so like the 'corn of heaven' as those of Strathtay and Strathearn." Bolfracks, a fine old baronial mansion, stands out from its surrounding woods on the upper side of the road. It was formerly the residence of the Factor of Lord Breadalbane, but it is now a shooting lodge. Through a succession of beautiful woodland scenes, mixed with well-cultivated farms, the road passes on to Aberfeldy; the long-drawn-out avenue of trees from Kenmore terminating only at the farthest west-end houses.

The river makes a graceful bend from this point, and flows at a considerable distance away from the village in a wide sweep at

Aberfeldy from the North.

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the other side of the Strath. But so much has Aberfeldy grown of late years, that it has extended its site over the old banks of the river, and along the terraces of the intermediate ground, so that it may be said to be actually situated on the Tay.

I hesitate to describe my native place, for I see it through the tender haze of love; and I cannot tell how it strikes a stranger, who can gaze upon it with hard, critical eyes that are not shaded by the sacred associations of childhood and youth. It is greatly changed since I used to live in it; and all who made it a home for me have long been laid under the daisies. But still the scenes around, glorified by the past, wear the old look and possess the old charm. In my youthful days, Aberfeldy was a truly rural primitive village, with streets of thatched cottages overgrown with moss, and only a few whitewashed, slated houses, and two or three old-fashioned shops, principally in the Square. It seemed far removed from the madding crowd of business, and a slumberous repose took possession of it all the year round, undisturbed even in summer by the inroads of visitors and holiday-makers. But now it is a populous and thriving place, a burgh with provost and magistrates, and all the pomp and circumstance of civic life. The houses have been almost entirely rebuilt in the modern style, and scores of new villas and shops cover the sites of the old thatched cottages. A branch railway has made it a great resort of visitors, who flock to it in July and August for the sake of its varied walks and drives, and its dry, bracing air.

The name of Aberfeldy, or Aberfaldie, according to the old spelling, is supposed to be derived from St. Palladius, who, according to tradition, visited this spot on his return from an unsuccessful mission in Ireland, to which he had been sent by Pope Celestine in 469. He took up his abode in the neighbouring den of Moness, and built a cell, and ministered to the spiritual

wants of the inhabitants ; and the memory of his name still clings to a rock in the den called *Caisteal Pheallaidh*, and also to a spot near the entrance known as *Raghra-na-Eaglais*, the Field of the Church. Round this ecclesiastical site a small hamlet gradually grew ; and the constant traffic of the ferry-boat from the north and south across the river, added still further to the importance of the place.

We hear first of the village in 1296, in a charter conveying the lands of West Aberfeldy, by the Earl of Atholl, as superior, to a scion of the house of Menzies, in whose possession it remained till the beginning of this century. The mansion house of this estate, called the Black House, occupied the site of the present Town Hall. The eastern part of the village, separated by the burn of Moness, belonged to the Earl of Douglas, and was given, in 1414, to his cousin, Alexander Stewart, the proprietor of Grandtully. The whole place passed ultimately into the hands of the Marquis of Breadalbane ; and it is a pity that the opportunity was neglected of making it then, what it might easily have been made, situated in the midst of such magnificent scenery, with plenty of space available for the proper laying-out of its streets, and the adorning of its houses with trees and parterres of flowers in front, like Kenmore, one of the most beautiful and picturesque villages in Scotland. Long prior to the visit of St. Palladius, a prehistoric fort guarded the approach to the place. This fort occupied the flat top of a steep mound with terraced sides, and well-marked trenches thrown up as outworks to defend it. It was at one time covered with fir-trees, and though oaks have long superseded them, it still retains its original name of *Tomguitheas*, or fir-wood. The whole of the wall of the fort at the top, and a large part of the retaining wall below, have been removed to furnish building stones for the houses of the village. In all likelihood the place was used as a moot-hill for the locality.

On the summit of the highest ground, above the village, is another circular, prehistoric fort called the Dun, surrounded by dense pine woods. On the eastern side it was defended by a precipice, and on the west side by three distinct trenches, or earthworks; while a little loch in a hollow near at hand, now almost filled up with moss and heather, supplied the wants of the occupants. Only the outlines of the walls can now be traced on the ground. But the commanding position of the fort enabled it to communicate with the line of forts extending from Drummond Hill to Glenlyon, and to give warning of the approach of the enemy. There is an old tradition that a treasure is concealed beneath its foundation, which is destined to be discovered some day by a red-haired woman searching for her strayed horse.

On the banks of a little streamlet above the village to the east, the famous Andrea Ferrara is said to have had his smithy in the 16th century. He made his splendid broadswords, which rivalled the blades of Damascus and Toledo, out of iron dug from the surrounding hills, and smelted by the help of the native birch-woods; and he tempered them with the water of the stream, which had qualities for this purpose as rare as those of the Abana and the Tagus. The true weapon of the Highlanders was the claymore, or double-handled sword, which a powerful man could use with terrible effect. "That sword is by his side which gives no second wound," as is said of Fingal in the Temora of Ossian. Numerous legends are told of the "Claidhemhan fuar iarunn," the cold iron swords which were beaten into shape on the anvil, instead of being forged in the usual way; and there were in different parts of the Highlands smiths famous for the manufacture of such swords. The knights of Lochow had their weapons fashioned by a family of smiths in Glenorchy called Macnabs, who carried on their trade from father to son for nearly 400 years, and

had a representative in the place as late as 1785. A specimen of the formidable ancestral weapon of the Highlands, said to have been in use at Bannockburn, is still preserved at Castle Menzies ; including the handle, it is five feet eight inches long. After a time this great double-handed sword was superseded by a smaller and more serviceable one. At the battle of Killiecrankie a lighter weapon with a basket hilt was employed, which was said to have been borrowed from the pattern of the swords of the Doge's Guards at Venice. Mr. Drummond Rorie, in an excellent article on "The Highland Sword," tells us that many of the old swords were adapted to this pattern, and furnished with basket hilts. But though the length of the blade was reduced, its breadth was still preserved, and this, he says, is the reason why nearly all the swords that bear the name of Andrea Ferrara are distinguished by their unusually broad blades. They are simply transformed claymores, or manufactured from the beginning after the old pattern of the claymore, to which the Highlanders had been accustomed.

The author further mentions that Lord Archibald Campbell found on one occasion a considerable number of claymore swords, with the name of Andrea Ferrara stamped upon them, hid in a garden at Richmond, Surrey, which had been brought from Scotland by Lord Tweedale after the Disarming Act of 1796 ; and after having served for a time the curious purpose of an ornamental railing to the garden, were cast aside and forgotten. The trade mark of the swords made in Breadalbane by Andrea Ferrara has a St. Andrew's Cross, and sometimes the hilt is composed entirely of St. Andrew's crosses.

On the side of a high, tree-covered hillock, rising up abruptly behind the central part of Aberfeldy, called the Tullich, there was once a Druidical circle, one of the huge stones of which, called

The Lower Falls of Moness, Aberfeldy.

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the Clachmore, forms part of a garden wall on the old military road passing along its base. Following up this road you come to an old ruined thatched house at Tigh-na-leachan, which was once an inn, and with which a touching tradition is associated. One day, while the royal soldiers were passing by, the mistress of the change-house gave a bowl of milk to a tired and thirsty officer, and refused payment. Her husband, who was at the time with Prince Charles's followers, was soon after caught and placed in the prison of Carlisle. Hearing of his fate, his devoted wife trudged all the long weary way to the border town on foot; and happening to meet and be recognised by the officer to whom she had shown kindness, she had the satisfaction, through his intervention, of procuring her husband's release.

General Wade's road takes one to a romantic dingle in the Grandtully moors, about three miles above Aberfeldy to the east. Here there is a lovely little lake called Loch Kennard, with an ideal shooting-lodge on its shore, surrounded by a grove of pine trees, with beautiful green lawns, sloping down to the water's edge. On the bosom of the loch there is a small artificial island, which was once a crannog, and contains the ruins of a house. The fishing is excellent, and the shooting is one of the best in Scotland, letting at a high figure. The late Maharajah Dhulep Singh, when he resided in this locality in his earlier years, leased this moor, and made marvellous bags of game. The Comte de Paris also had it for some years, and proved himself a splendid sportsman. On one occasion, while residing in this place, His Royal Highness was asked for a subscription for the local monument about to be raised for the Black Watch, and when he naturally wished to know what the Black Watch had done for France, he was shrewdly told that, if it had not been for that regiment, his dynasty would not have been on the French throne! One can

hardly imagine a more delightful holiday than in this charming oasis of Loch Kennard among the crimson heather hills.

On the level plateau of the Tullich is Moness House, most beautifully situated, and commanding a very extensive view up and down the Strath. This house has near its western avenue magnificent old firs, said to have been brought as saplings from the famous Black Wood of Rannoch. The older approach is from the military road at Tomchuillan—so called from the holly trees that used to grow on the spot—where a broad avenue of magnificent elms, limes and beeches, kept in excellent order, led to the house. In my youthful days, Mr. Campbell of Glenfalloch, the grandfather of the present Marquis of Breadalbane, used to reside in this mansion, and kept up in it a good deal of the style of a Highland chief. The estate of Moness belonged for upwards of five hundred years to an old family of the name of Flemyng, which, judging from the name, must have come originally from Holland; and was sold, in 1787, to Lord Breadalbane. It is this portion of the estate which has given celebrity to Aberfeldy; for on it are the Falls of Moness, made famous by Robert Burns.

The ravine in which these falls are situated used to be clothed almost exclusively with graceful birch trees, whence it received the well-known name of "The Birks of Aberfeldy"; but most of the woodland now consists of pine and other trees. There are three falls—Lower, Middle, and Upper; and the winding shady walks to the top of the ravine, up the one side, and down the other, are about three miles in length. Very few waterfalls in Scotland, or anywhere else, excel these. They have a character all their own. It is not their height, or their volume of water, that gives them their peculiar charm, but their idyllic softness, the rich variety of the

The Middle Falls of Moness, Aberfeldy.

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foliage, and the majesty of the grey rocks that surround them. They contain, as it has been well said, "an epitome of all that is most delightful in waterfalls." Burns, who stood on the rocks beside the Middle Fall, on the 30th August, 1787, describes the features of the scene with the utmost felicity in his familiar song—

"The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
O'erhung with fragrant spreading shaws,
The Birks of Aberfeldy.

"The hoary cliffs are crowned wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The Birks of Aberfeldy."

Everywhere the voice of the hidden cascades is heard, filling all the air with a dreamy murmur, and luring the visitor on through shady avenues, and swelling into fuller volume as he draws nearer to the mystery in the cloistered heart of the solemn woods. Henry Kingsley, the novelist, brother of the more celebrated Charles, visited the "Birks" in the summer of 1862, and calls the spot "The blessed valley of Avalon." "All of us," he says, "had been in fairyland before on many occasions, but never in so fair a portion of it as this." Describing the Middle Fall, he says, "The black glen, the darkening wood, and the towering cliffs are all lit up and illuminated by a bright, shivering waterfall; and hundreds of feet aloft, and half a mile away, in the dim recesses of the feathering woodlands, we can see cascade beyond cascade, one above another streaming softly away for ever—a broad waving riband of light." A picturesque wooden bridge spans the burn at the top, beneath which it leaps down sixty feet into a black chasm, and far below pursues its course through foaming currents and long dark pools. By the side of the winding paths,

and on the sloping banks of the tributary rills, the oak-fern forms large clumps of the most delicate green. Mosses weave on the floor of the shadowy glades the softest carpets, over which the golden sunbeams love to chase each other in long waves of light, and spread on the surface of the rocks dense velvet cushions for the silver footsteps of the descending waters. The pines and firs present a singularly venerable appearance, owing to the multitude of grey lichens that cover their trunks and branches, looking like "harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms."

Of wild flowers, the little wood Melampyrum, with its small orange-blossoms hidden among its grass-like leaves, grows all over the place in the utmost profusion ; the tall wood-vetch climbs up the rocky banks with its beautiful masses of tender foliage and large white flowers, streaked like those of the wood-sorrel with purple veins ; in the shady recesses the stately Campanula lifts its authoritative thyrsus of purple bells high above the rank vegetation ; and most curious of all, the weird Herb Paris, with its four lurid green leaves and central black berry, forms a thick bed hid behind the lower edge of the pathway over the precipitous rocks of the Upper Fall. Every fern and lichen and flower that grows amid the sweet secrecies of these enchanted woods, has about it a portion of the spell with which the genius of our Scottish bard has invested the whole spot. Above the Falls of Moness in the open upland country, there is a quaint hamlet called Urlar, now a small shooting lodge, but at one time an old-word clachan, surrounded by immeasurable crimson moors abounding in grouse, curlews, and lapwings, whose profound peace is a benison to the weary brain-worker. Near at hand are the rocking-stone and the rock-altar with its cup-marks, which guided the thoughts of the primitive inhabitants to higher things. The quiet murmur of the Moness burn, as it flows tranquilly beneath, unconscious of the

The Upper Falls of Moness, Aberfeldy.

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wild tumult through which it has immediately to pass, has something human in it, emblematic of the sudden catastrophes that often come into the calmest lives. Around there was once a large population, and a deserted hamlet on the opposite brink of the Falls was long ago the crowded market-place of the district. Only a solitary larch or rowan tree now marks the sight of ruined dwellings, and saddens all the lonely horizon. In the heart of the desolate moorland, not far from a lonely tarn in a hollow of the hill called Loch Hoil, that looks like a Stygian lake, is a large heap of grey stones, called "Carn na mna uilc," the cairn of the wicked woman, marking the spot where the last witch in the district was overtaken and put to death. Every passer-by casts a stone upon the heap, although the superstition itself has long died out of men's memories.

The present Town Hall of Aberfeldy is an extension and adaptation of the old Breadalbane Academy, which fifty years ago was one of the best schools in the country. Under the charge of Mr. Johnstone, my old admirable teacher, and a succession of eminent masters, it attracted boarders from many parts of England and Scotland and the colonies, and the education imparted was more varied and of a higher character than could at the time be obtained in any village in Scotland. An unusual number of pupils who have risen to considerable eminence in various professions at home and abroad—professors and ministers—have been taught at this school. It still maintains its old reputation, located in new and far superior buildings. The Rev. Dr. Kennedy, of Stepney, "the Nonconformist Bishop of East London" as he was called, was born in Aberfeldy, the son of the Congregational minister, a most zealous evangelist when religion was at a low ebb in all the district. Dr. Kennedy employed his last days in writing some interesting accounts of his early life in the village;

and his graphic sketches of the primitive manners and customs of the inhabitants seventy years ago were recently published, after his death, in "The Leisure Hour," and attracted considerable attention.

One of our illustrations is a sketch of the village cowherd. This was a public functionary of great importance in my young days. We boys looked up to him with envy, as to a superior being. He had the charge of the cows of the villagers, and summoned them every morning by the blowing of his horn from their respective byres, and led them up to the hill pasturage, where they grazed all day, and brought them down at sunset. It was an interesting sight to see them returning, as in an Alpine village in Switzerland ; each cow separating in the end from the herd, and going by an unerring instinct to its own home. In former times the cowboy had a large venerable horn, carved all over with names, which he left in turn in the houses of his employers, to signify where he was to be entertained for the day ; and he was entitled to get from each house an egg on the first day of May, with which to make a savoury Beltane feast in some favourite spot on the hill. He brought his companions with him on such occasions, and kindled a fire in his bothy, and roasted the eggs into a custard in a pot. A cake of oatmeal was also prepared and toasted on the embers, and then divided into as many pieces as there were boys present ; one of the pieces being made perfectly black with charcoal. The fragments were put into a bonnet, from which each person had to draw a piece ; and he who drew the black fragment was the unlucky one, and had to pass three times through the fire. Many a time have I shared in this old-world feast in my boyhood, blissfully ignorant of its pagan associations, and conscious only of its material savouriness to a hungry appetite. The musical summons of the herd-boy in the

The Village Cowherd—Aberfeldy.

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morning, although the old customs have been all done away with, still awakens sweet memories of the days and friends that are no more.

In a field near Taybridge, the 42nd Regiment, so famous in the annals of British warfare, the Black Watch or Freacadan Dhu, as they were called, from the dark tartan which they wore in contrast with the scarlet uniform of other soldiers, was first mustered in October, 1739. The members did not all belong to Breadalbane. Indeed, the majority of them were enlisted in other parts of the Highlands. But in those days it would have been easy to raise a regiment in the district. Pennant tells us that in his time the number of inhabitants on Lochtayside, and in the Kenmore and Fortingal parishes, was greater than in any other place in Scotland of equal extent. No fewer than a thousand men, capable of bearing arms, might be found within this area; and they were loyal to their chiefs and ready to fight the battles of their country. When King George IV. visited Scotland, Lord Breadalbane sent a well-trained body of men, armed with sword and shield, from his estates to Edinburgh, and their gallant appearance among the other clans in the metropolis, on this memorable occasion, elicited the highest admiration of the monarch. Out of this splendid material was embodied a considerable proportion of the noble Highland Regiment. A lofty cairn to commemorate the interesting event was raised about a dozen years ago on the spot where it took place. It is crowned by the figure of a grand-looking Highlander, in the old uniform of the 42nd, with his right hand in the act of drawing his sword. The expression and attitude of this figure are admirable, and in striking harmony with the magnificent scenery of rock and hill and broad river around. On the panels of the monument are inscribed, in Gaelic and English, the heroic exploits in many lands which have given to

this Regiment so large and important a place in the military annals of our Empire. In the face of the cairn a life-size figure of a soldier, in the present uniform of the Black Watch, is represented climbing up the rugged height, in the characteristic manner of his compatriots in many a storming attack, and with his right hand outstretched inscribing the history of the regiment upon the stone. On the opposite side is a finely executed medallion of the Queen, wearing the Imperial Crown, with an inscription below stating that the cairn was erected in the Jubilee year of Her Majesty, on a site generously granted by the Marquis of Breadalbane. From the very first the Black Watch earned the highest encomiums. When it was sent to Flanders in 1743, and joined the main army under the command of Field Marshal the Earl of Stair, the "Soldats Ecossais" were considered by the people of the Rhine provinces the most trustworthy guards of their property. The Elector Palatine wrote to King George to thank him for the noble behaviour of the officers and men, adding: "I shall always pay regard and respect to a Scotsman in future." And we all know what enthusiastic praise the heroism of the kilted soldiers, "half men and half women" as they were called, won from the Boers of South Africa during the recent war.

Close to this unique cairn is one of the most romantic bridges in Scotland, which Marshal Wade built over the Tay in 1733. It consists of five graceful arches, and was built, according to the inscription on a white marble tablet on one of its piers, within a single year. It was the first bridge, except the one at Perth, that ever spanned the Tay; and a Latin inscription on another marble panel, composed by Dr. Friend, the Headmaster of Westminster School, alludes to this circumstance when it speaks of "indignanti Tavo," the indignant Tay; and was reckoned as the greatest architectural wonder of the North in its day. Marshal Wade

Monument to commemorate the embodiment of the 42nd Royal Highlanders, at Aberfeldy.

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regarded it as the climax of his ten years' work in the construction of roads and bridges along the main passes of the Highlands from Perth and Crieff to Inverness, which opened up the previously inaccessible country, and did more to settle the disputations of clans and the rebellion of the people, and to produce peace and prosperity, than any other cause. For this noble achievement he well deserved the magnificent monument which commemorates his fame in Westminster Abbey.

Twelve years after the bridge was built it was put to a severe test, when the troops and artillery of Sir John Cope passed over it during the rebellion of 1745, and encamped on the haugh on the north side of the river. The followers of Prince Charlie also marched across it in their retreat northwards, the Prince himself accompanying the clans to the fatal field of Culloden; and to guard against their return the Duke of Cumberland sent a detachment of his army to protect the approaches of the bridge. Built of the grey chlorite schist of the neighbouring quarries, in the most solid and substantial manner, which has withstood all the traffic and wear and tear ever since, Taybridge has, besides, an artistic beauty about it which commands the admiration of every spectator. Its graceful middle arch, sixty feet span, frames a most beautiful picture of river and wooded heights seen through it; and the tall, tapering obelisks which stand above it, on each side of the parapets, give a wonderful picturesqueness to the structure. Altogether, the bridge is a great ornament to the locality, and the broad, deep, even flow of the river through its arches, breaking into a rushing, foaming stream as it emerges on the lower side, finally finding rest in a long sweep of magnificent swirling pools, is a sight on which the eye lingers with fascinated enjoyment. It animates the whole scenery, and fills the soul with buoyant excitement.

The road over Taybridge leads to the beautifully-situated village of Weem, lying directly under the shadow of its lofty precipitous crag wooded to the top, and sheltered from all the severe winds in its nest of foliage. It is sometimes called Balclachan, or the town of the stones, which seems to indicate that a Druidic circle must once have stood on the spot, and that the place had a *religio loci*, a sacred reputation from a very early period. Its common name of Weem was derived from a cave in the rock above the village, which has always been associated by tradition with St. Cuthbert, to whom the old church of Weem was dedicated. When a monk at Melrose about the middle of the seventh century, this saint was frequently absent for months together engaged in missionary work; and in his wanderings northward to Pictland, he came to a place which has been identified with a curious recess about half-way up Weem Rock, formed by an overhanging ledge, in which may still be seen a rough slab of mica schist with a rude cross carved in bold relief upon it, now broken into two pieces, a holy well which has long been visited as a wishing-well in which votive offerings are deposited, and unmistakable evidence of the existence of a cell or oratory.

These are supposed to be the relics of St. Cuthbert's sojourn in the locality. The overhanging rock is called Craig-an-Chaipel, or the Chapel-Rock; and the wishing-well, Fuaran Craig ant-seipeil, is known as St. David's Well, from Sir David Menzies, who was one of the hostages for James I., in 1423, and was made commissioner of Orkney and Shetland by Erik, the Scandinavian king, but retired from the world and lived as a hermit for some years in this spot, ending his days as a monk in Melrose Abbey, with which St. Cuthbert, whose example he evidently imitated, had been connected. In front of the recess there is a considerable

Marshal Wade's Bridge, Aberfeldy.

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space of level ground, which was formerly used as a burial-place, but is now overgrown with nettles. Underneath this terrace there is a narrow fissure in the rock, which widens considerably inwards, and forms a cave filled with débris and difficult of exploration. With this cave a strange, weird legend is connected, embodied in a very old Gaelic song, which has been popular among the people of the district for many generations.

The Rev. John McLean, Minister of Grandtully, has preserved a version of the song, which was translated with considerable vigour in the ballad style by the late Principal Shairp. The legend tells how, one Sabbath day long ago, two young girls, the daughter and step-daughter of the Lady of Weem, went into the wood in search of a calf that had strayed. They heard it lowing, and followed the sound till it brought them to this cave in the face of the rock. One sister had a Bible, which acted as a charm, and hindered her from going into the cave ; but the other, who had no such supernatural protection, went boldly in and disappeared for ever, her mangled remains having been found some time afterwards floating near the shore on Loch Ghlassie, a lonely moorland loch in the neighbourhood, and emitting a strange phosphorescent light.

The song is antiphonal, consisting of alternate question and answer between the sister outside and the sister in the depths of the cavern. The one asks when her little sister will come home, and the other replies that there are seven iron gates, guarded by a man dressed in a scarlet cloak, between her and the open air, and that she cannot come home till the day of judgment. Her grief-stricken sister outside is not satisfied, but still persists in asking vehemently when her little sister will come home ; and the far-away voice within at last replies with an oracular promise, that she will return when the

time of seed-sowing and lint-pulling shall coincide, which, of course, would be nevermore. The Rev. R. G. Dunbar, M.A., Minister of Weem, has given a full and graphic account of this legend in his charming little brochure entitled, "A Few Notes on the Parish of Weem." It is a most remarkable legend, but upon what incident in real life it was founded is involved in hopeless mystery. It sounds like a myth of purgatory, reminding one of the fabled entrance into the nether world at Lough Dearg in Ireland, where St. Patrick stands as the guardian of the dead. But the people in the district have always imagined that it had something to do with a supposititious intrigue between St. Cuthbert, during his sojourn in this spot, and the daughter of a local chief, in connection with which the saint, it is said, prayed that the earth might open and swallow her up.

The old kirk of Weem, surrounded by the parish churchyard, is in a secluded spot behind the village, and presents a most venerable appearance, half-sunken among the numerous graves around it. The present building dates from the year 1600, judging from a Latin inscription over a low doorway; but the ecclesiastical site must have been considerably older, for mention is made of it in a charter drawn up about 1296, connected with the patronage of it in the hands of the Earl of Atholl at the time; and there is another charter in existence, signed by James II. in 1440, presenting to Sir David de Menzies the rectory of the kirk of Weem. It has been used as a place of worship within the recollection of some old persons still living; but it has been shut up for upwards of sixty years as the mausoleum of the Menzies' family. It contains, built up against the north wall of the choir in the interior, a richly sculptured mural monument, which is one of the most remarkable sepulchral relics in Scotland. It was constructed by Sir Alexander Menzies soon after he had renovated

Weem Rock, and a bit of the Tay at Aberfeldy.

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the church, in commemoration of his ancestry in the female line, which happened to be particularly distinguished, whose heraldic bearings are carved on the monument; and it has consequently a large amount of interest to the genealogist who wishes to trace the history of one of the oldest families in the land. The rusty iron collar of the old jougs, used in the punishment of ecclesiastical offenders, is still preserved, hanging upon the wall.

At the west end of the village of Weem, beside the Hotel, is the entrance to the policies of Castle Menzies, the residence of Sir Robert Menzies, Bart. The grounds are adorned with some of the largest and oldest trees in the kingdom. The Castle is hidden by the dense foliage of huge sycamores, so that it cannot be seen at a distance; but near at hand its grey old baronial style of architecture is well defined against the precipitous, richly-wooded rock behind. It was built in 1571, and considerably renovated, with a new wing added, in 1840. The original founder, Sir Robert Menzies, obtained, in 1510, a charter from James IV., consolidating his scattered estates in the surrounding district into a free Barony. In the muniment room are preserved many documents of historical interest, some of which have been published. The Castle possesses another relic of Bannockburn besides the broadsword of the chief already mentioned. This is the bag-pipes played during the battle by the piper at the head of the clan. The holes were much worm-eaten and had to be remodelled before they could be played upon. There is only one drone, consequently the air can be heard more distinctly than in the modern bag-pipe. This interesting instrument has been handed down from father to son by a race of hereditary pipers of the lairds of the name of Macintyre. Most of them were skilful musicians, and one, John Macintyre, is well remembered as the author of the favourite salute, "Failte Phrionsa," composed on the occasion

of the landing of King James in 1715. The Castle contains some valuable relics of Mary Queen of Scots, which are described in the "Red Book of Menzies." Her bed-chamber with its furniture and tapestry is still preserved. She loved to walk in the shade of the old avenues; and one sycamore, named after her, is the largest and finest in our country.

The Castle has seen many vicissitudes. Montrose pillaged it; Cromwell placed a garrison in it; and owing to the loyalty to the Government of the Menzies clan, the Castle and lands of the chief suffered much from the vengeance of the followers of Prince Charlie in the district. Though a plain, massive building, with high roof, small windows, and projecting turrets at the corners, the Castle has an imposing appearance. Standing in front of this venerable feudal stronghold, you are drawn silently from the present back to the past. You give yourself up to the soothing atmosphere of the place, to the ancestral quietude and dignity, and to the illusion of remoteness which it creates. White clouds hang poised low in the blue sky, as if resting over the billowy green masses of the foliage in the park, looking like the outstretched wings of the spirit of peace brooding over the scene. A winding path leads along the terraces of the wooded rock behind the Castle, and from the open ground at the top a most magnificent view may be obtained westward of Drummond Hill, the Ben Lawers range, and the whole extent of Loch Tay to Ben More, in the far blue distance.

The fields on the high plateau above Weem Rock were cultivated from time immemorial, when the low grounds were covered with swamps and impenetrable thickets and forests. A number of primitive farm-towns have occupied their sites for many generations; and numerous traces of the old worship of pagan times, as well as of early Christian days, may be found in their neighbour-

Castle Menzies.

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hood. One of the farms was tenanted by Macdonalds, who fled from the Massacre of Glencoe, and whose descendants still reside in the district. The view from this elevated plateau, and especially from the top of Farragon, which rises beyond it and dominates Aberfeldy and Strathtay by its rugged summit, is very extensive and magnificent ; westwards to Loch Tay and Ben Lawers, and northwards towards Rannoch, Atholl and the Vale of Tummel. It is noteworthy for the number of lochs that are visible from it on a clear day.

The neighbourhood of Aberfeldy is peculiarly rich in memories of early Celtic saints. The poetic glamour of the childhood of our religion lingers around its pastoral scenes. Two miles west of Weem is the hamlet of Dull, perhaps the oldest of all the ecclesiastical sites, which takes us back to the time of St. Adamnan, or Eonan, as the name was fondly softened into, the ninth abbot of Iona, and the biographer of St. Columba, to whom the parish church was dedicated. It is said by local tradition—which differs, however, widely from the usually accepted narrative of his life—that when driven out of Iona on account of his adherence to the unpopular Romish creed, he came to Glenlyon, where he spent several years in evangelising the people, and improving their temporal condition. He erected the mill at Milton Eonan in Glenlyon. During the prevalence of the Gallar Mohr, or Great Plague, which ravaged Scotland towards the end of the seventh century, and was especially deadly in this district, he rendered most effectual help by isolating the infected, sending the healthy away to the mountains, and calmly ministering to the sick and dying. In the village of Fortingal all the inhabitants perished except one, an old woman, who, with the aid of her grey horse and sledge, buried the dead in a great hollow near the village, over which was afterwards erected a cairn of stones, called

to this day the "Cairn of the Dead." As the plague continued to spread up into Glenlyon, the panic-stricken people implored the saint to interpose on their behalf before high Heaven. Standing upon a rock at Milton-Eonan, since called Craig Dianaig, or the Hill of Safety, he struck it with his pastoral staff, and prevented the plague from going any farther. Taking advantage of this superstitious belief in his miraculous powers, he preached the gospel to the excited multitude; and so great was his success that a rough wooden cross was at once set up on the Rock of Safety, beside which the saint continued to preach, and work miracles, until at last he felt his end approaching. On his death-bed he gave orders that his body was to be carried eastwards to Strathtay, and buried on the spot where the birchen withes by which the hand-spokes were attached to his coffin, should happen to break. They held out till the mourners arrived at the foot of a high precipitous rock on the north side of the plain of the Tay; and, in accordance with the saint's instructions, they buried him there and called the place Dull from the breaking of the dullan, or withes.

There are many traces of St. Eonan around Dull. A well called after him still flows in the old manse garden; and a market, called Feil Eonan, used to be held in the village on the saint's day, 6th October, old style. So great was the impression produced by his labours, upon the people, that, till within the last forty or fifty years, the miller at Milton-Eonan would not grind any corn on St. Eonan's Day. He founded a monastery in Dull, which possessed the right of sanctuary within a certain radius around, marked out by crosses. One of these rude crosses, much mutilated, is still standing in the centre of the village, and determines the northern limit of the ancient church-girth. In the time of St. Cuthbert, who passed through it, it seems to have been a place of

considerable importance, with an educational establishment and civic jurisdiction.

Crinan, the warrior bishop of Dunkeld—who married the daughter of Malcolm II. of Scotland, and was the father of King Duncan, slain by Macbeth, of Shakespearean renown—was also Abbot of Dull, and owned extensive church lands in the vicinity, a part of which still retains the name of Appin of Dull, from the ancient Abthania. But the monastery was dissolved long before the Reformation, and the collegiate institution was transferred to St. Andrews, and formed the nucleus there of the oldest of the Scottish Universities, which still maintains its ancient connection with Dull. The old buildings, which were probably made of perishable materials, such as wood or wattles, disappeared utterly, and not a single ruin now remains to remind us of the former greatness of the spot. Its splendour has been wiped away by the hand of time as completely as a disused sum is sponged off the face of a slate. The village has, however, an air of antique dignity and peace about it, as it reposes under the shadow of its lofty, fir-crowned rock. On the wide plain below, close to the river, there are three curious round knolls, covered with tall old beech-trees, which are said to have been in ancient times places for the judgment, execution, and burial of criminals; each of these operations having been performed on a separate mound, the last mound being the most luxuriant owing to its being constantly nourished by the ashes of the dead. Superstition associated these mounds with haunts of the fairies, whose wailing music might be heard on stormy evenings in mid-winter; the branches of the beech-trees doubtless playing the part of harp-strings in the fierce breezes that swept down the glens.

The district westward of this, on the same side of the river, is called the *Tegarmuchd*, which means "Begging Friar," a name

which recalls the old ecclesiastical sanctity of the Appin of Dull. Still farther west, you turn up the side valley of the Lyon at the back of Drummond Hill, by a romantic pass, where a roaring mountain burn tumbles wildly about among its rocks far below. This is the Keltney Burn, whose Gaelic name, meaning St. Aidan's stream, brings to our recollection the great Bishop of Northumbria, the founder of the church of Kenmore, which was dedicated to him, and who was so popular in this district when he came to it from Iona. Through this glen of the Keltney Burn the main road passes up to Rannoch and Schiehallion, and is one of the most delightful and varied walks in the whole neighbourhood. On a precipitous rocky promontory, almost surrounded by the channel of the stream, which flows deep down concealed by a perfect maze of thickets and woods, is situated the famous old Castle of Garth. The position of this ruined fortress is inaccessible on every side except one, which is defended by a deep moat and drawbridge; and in former times it must have been almost impregnable. The view from the doorway, looking down, is singularly grand and wild; several large cascades tumbling into black pools in the depths of the gorges on either side, overhung with umbrageous foliage which trembles to the swirling mists and the roaring waters. This grim fortress, which has been recently repaired, was built by the Wolf of Badenoch, early in the fourteenth century. His descendants, the Stewarts of Fortingal, held possession of the Castle and lands until recent times.

The most distinguished of the Lairds of Garth was General Stewart, the author of the well-known and popular book, "Sketches of the Character, Manners, and State of the Highlands of Scotland." From him we derive our best knowledge of the history of the famous Highland Regiments. He became governor of St. Lucia in the West Indies, where he died in 1829. The modern mansion

of Garth occupies a most charming position farther westward in the valley of the Lyon. The beautiful estate of Garth belonged at one time to General Sir Archibald Campbell, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in the first Burmese War, and father of the scarcely less famous Sir John Campbell, who fell at the Siege of Sebastopol. In the manse of Fortingal, was born Robert Macara, the parish minister's son, who was at first a doctor in the East India Company's service. He then received a command in the Peninsular Wars, and died Sir Robert Macara at Quatre-Bras, at the head of the gallant Forty-second Highlanders.

The estate of Garth has now passed into the able hands of Sir Donald Currie, M.P., who has greatly improved it, by building new farm-houses and steadings with picturesque red-tiled roofs, which form a delightful contrast to the prevailing greenness of the landscape. He also enlarged and rebuilt, upon the old plan, the plain mansion house of the Campbells of Glenlyon, one of whom took a prominent and specially treacherous part in the Massacre of Glencoe, and never afterwards prospered. A charm stone belonged to the family, called Clach Bhuaidh, the Powerful Stone, which ensured victory in arms to any one who possessed it. They had also an ancient Highland brooch, somewhat after the pattern of the Brooch of Lorn, with the names of the three Magi, or Kings of Cologne, engraved upon it; and a staff of very peculiar construction like a rod of office or a caduceus. Sir Donald Currie, with all his improvements, has had the good taste to preserve the ancient hamlet of Drumcharrie on the Garth estate unchanged. This is one of the most interesting relics of the old Village Community; and though the houses are humble thatched huts, the people are industrious, the fields, which they own in common, are well cultivated, and many of them have managed to lay by a considerable sum of money. Sir Donald is owner of the

Glenlyon House estates, as well as of Garth ; and these include some of the finest scenery of the district, especially the Pass of Glenlyon, which is another Pass of Killiecrankie, and the Black Wood, whose rugged rocks shaded by dark beeches used to be famous for its badgers.

Coshieville Inn, where the roads to Rannoch and Fortingal branch off, used to have a great reputation when the district was more populous and the traffic greater. Close by is the Ford of Comrie, across the Lyon, now disused on account of the new bridge recently erected at the place ; and on the other side of the river are the ruins of Comrie Castle, a gaunt old stronghold of the Menzies Chiefs before they removed to Castle Menzies. At this ford an engagement took place between the Earl of Argyll and the Earl of Atholl in 1640, when the former was victorious. Pursuing his advantage, Argyll encountered the opposing forces of the Royalists of the district farther up the Rannoch Road at Whitebridge and routed them finally—and was thus free to march on to Forfarshire, where he burnt, according to the famous song, "The Bonnie Hoose o' Airlie." The graves of those who fell in this battle are still pointed out by the roadside on the moor of Tomphubil, the "mound of the people." Ian Lom, the Gaelic bard who espoused the Royalist cause, wrote an indignant satire on the event, in which he ascribed Argyll's victory more to treachery than to military skill and bravery.

Glenlyon, through which flows one of the largest tributaries of the Tay, liable to very sudden and heavy floods, is one of the longest glens in Scotland, being about thirty miles in extent from Fortingal in the east to Loch Lyon in the west. The hills at the back of Ben Lawers rise from one side of the glen and are very high and steep, and are distinguished for their greenness ; while those on the opposite side are hardly

In the Pass of Glenlyon.

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less abrupt and lofty, although they are of a browner and more desolate appearance. So narrow is the space of flat meadow land between them, that it little more than suffices for the channel of the river. At every turn the glen contracts and opens out into wide vistas, forming a succession of separate pictures, each with a special beauty and picturesqueness of its own ; while innumerable mountain burns flow down the declivities and through deep side ravines in foaming cascades, dimly visible through their birch-wood veils. At one time the whole glen was covered with the magnificent firs of the Caledonian forest ; but they have disappeared and yielded their place to softer foliage, which is not out of keeping with the quiet beauty of the more sylvan scenes. The general aspect of the glen is that of a great pastoral solitude tenanted only by sheep. The population used to be numerous, but it is now scanty and widely-scattered ; and many of the holders of sheep-farms are not natives, and are therefore ignorant of the wild legendary lore of which almost every rock and knoll and bend of the river testifies. The ruins of no less than a dozen prehistoric forts are in sight of each other, from one end of the glen to the other, and were used, not only for defence, but also as signal stations. The need for these passed away, and now they are represented by Meggernie Castle at the upper end, which is far better adapted for modern requirements. This fine old mansion, approached by a grand avenue of lime trees, about a mile in length, was built in 1590, and was originally the seat of Sir John Stuart of Cardney, son of Robert II. ; subsequently of Menzies of Culdares, and now of Mr. Bullough. One of the most interesting sptos in the glen is the lonely ravine of Roro, leading down from the back of Ben Lawers. It gives its name to a tragedy which forms the subject of one of the most plaintive

Gaelic songs, called "Macgregor of Roro;" said to have been composed in 1605 by the nurse of the young heir as a cradle-song, after the execution of the Macgregor hostages at Edinburgh on account of Glenfruin, and the slaughter of their avengers at the Moss of Rannoch. Never were the cruel persecutions of the proscribed clan so pathetically lamented as in this song. The Gaelic words are charmingly translated by the late Principal Shairp :—

"There is sorrow, deep sorrow,
Heavy sorrow down-weighs me ;
Sorrow long, dark, forlorn,
Whence nothing can raise me.

For the bannered MacGregor
So bravely who bore him,
With the roar of the war-pipe
Loud thundering before him.

His emblem the pine-tree
On mountain-side swinging ;
His trim tapered arrows
The true bird was winging :

Trim shafts that a king's son
Might glory in bearing ;
From MacMurdoch's strong hand
Home they sped how unerring !

Now I will not complain
Tho' a coward should smite me ;
Should they wrong and outrage,
O heaven ! who shall right me ?

'Tis my pain, they're not here,
Whom living, naught ailed me ;
East in yon chapel lie
The true hearts that ne'er failed me.

Their fair heads are low,
My dear foster-brothers ;
Them the scant linen shroud
In strait bed barely covers.

Linen shroud with no bands,
Nor silk tassels made ready,
Nor sewed by the fingers
Of nobly-born lady.

Now a rede I would rede thee,
And thereon well think thou ;
When thou goest to the hostel
But a single cup drink thou.

Stand and drink ; of the men
That are round thee be wary ;
Be it bale-dish or ladle,
Drink it down nothing chary.

Make winter as autumn,
The wolf-days as summer ;
Thy bed be the bare rock,
And light be thy slumber.

For tho' scarce be the squirrel,
There's a way got to find her ;
Tho' proud be the falcon,
There are deft hands can bind her.

There is sorrow, deep sorrow,
Heavy sorrow down-weighs me ;
Sorrow long, dark, forlorn,
Whence nothing can raise me."

Glenlyon, with its folk-lore and historical associations, has been admirably described in his book, "The Lairds of Glenlyon," by Mr. Duncan Campbell, at one time schoolmaster of Fortingal, now Editor of the "Northern Chronicle."

Coming back to Aberfeldy, from the Crieff Road above the village, a glorious view is obtained of the surrounding district. Farragon rises up immediately in front, across the Strath, to a height of 2,560 feet, imposing upon the eye with more than its true bulk and stature. To the north-east the pointed summit of Ben Vrackie dominates the valley of the Tummel, and the huge round shoulders of Ben-y-ghloe, softened with the purple hues of distance, lead the imagination onward to the heights of Lochnagar and the great Cairngorm range. But the principal object in the wide horizon is Schiehallion, forming a sharp cone, with a long slope to the east, and an abrupt breasting fronting the west like a miniature Matterhorn, catching the latest rays of the setting sun. It is a well-preserved glacial monument, which speaks impressively of the great icy tool that sculptured its sphinx-like form. For the post-glacial forces of storm and frost and heat that have been at work for untold centuries, engraving their own characters, have not altered the emphatic enduring impression of the ancient glacier in any perceptible degree. It is a residual, adamantine knob of pure quartz, like the Paps of Jura, brought into solitary relief by the removal of the less resisting rock about it, "an illustration in stone of the survival of the strongest and most favourably situated."

On the smooth, glaciated surfaces of exposed quartz rock, which shine in the sun like mirrors of burnished silver, great patches of bright, primrose-coloured lichen (Lecidea geographica) make beautiful mosaics where the rock becomes most crystalline

in its texture. A large erratic boulder of granite near the top tells how it came from the high granitic mountains to the north-east, floated like a chip on the frozen sea that submerged and shaped all the surrounding country and left it stranded there, when the vast glacier melted away and the summit of Schiehallion emerged to the light of day. The sharp isolated cone, lifted high above the rest of the landscape, afforded a suitable coign of vantage on which to measure the gravitation of the earth. On its pivot, which had fewer disturbing influences to bear upon it than anywhere else in Scotland, was laid the beam, as it were, of the nicely-adjusted balances of science. Dr. Maskelyne's experiments, in 1774, proved of the greatest value as data for further observations. Professor Playfair afterwards made a more accurate estimate of the mass of Schiehallion, obtaining 4·7, instead of 4·5 as formerly, for the earth's mean density, as compared with pure water. Schiehallion is a most striking feature in the horizon in every view that can be obtained from the elevated ground above Aberfeldy. It gains in height and grandeur the higher up one goes. It is the spire of the whole vast landscape, lifting it up to heaven, and giving it something of the feeling of poetic or religious awe which, from the earliest time, the human mind has felt in the neighbourhood of great mountains.

Chapter VI.

STRATHTAY.

From Aberfeldy the Tay flows eastward in a graceful curve through one of the finest valleys in Scotland, whose sloping sides, richly cultivated and wooded, extending up to the brown moorlands, form a variegated picture, set in a grand mountain framework, which the eye takes in at a single glance, and is never weary of admiring. On the north side the ground rises somewhat more steeply, and is broken up by the picturesque pine-clad Rock of Cluny, which repeats the appearance of Weem Rock on a smaller scale. This side of the Tay is called, by way of distinction, Strathtay. On the south side of the river, which has received the specific name of Grandtully, the ground slopes up more gradually to the sky line, and consists of undulating tracts, bosky dells, and wide stretches of open country. The contrast between the two banks of the Tay is very striking, but it helps to enhance the beauty of the whole landscape.

Grandtully has been so named from the abundance of mounds or hillocks which characterise this district. These are either moraines, relics of glacial action, or sandy and gravelly deposits of the river, left behind in the course of the formation of its channel, and indicate the direction in which it flowed at different levels and different periods of its history. As it ploughed deeper down into the valley it passed more and more to the opposite side, and so accentuated the abruptness of the Strathtay banks, while it left the Grandtully side a wider and more undulating region.

This physical conformation of the district has affected its human history, and given origin to the names of many of the small hamlets and farm towns, which have the prefix of *tom* or *dun* connected with them, pointing out the mounds or dunes on which they are situated. This side of the valley was the earliest inhabited; and its mounds were taken advantage of, on account of their elevation and dryness, as sites of primitive dwellings and burial-places. A far larger number of pre-historic relics are found on this side than on the other. On almost every ancient hillock there are cup-marked stones, ranging from the rudest to the most elaborate designs, and indicating different periods of advancement in the art and religion of sun-worship, which once prevailed in the locality.

At Cluny, two or three miles below Aberfeldy, the broad plain of Appin, which begins at the foot of Drummond Hill at the confluence of the Tay and the Lyon, contracts, and a barricade of rocks and high moraines crosses the valley and hems it in, forming a most picturesque picture in the landscape. Through this formidable barrier the Tay has gradually cut its way in the course of ages, draining the ancient lake, or continuation of Loch Tay, which lay to the westward of it, and whose site, now consisting of wide meadowland, is still flooded every year by the spates of the Tay and Lyon, as if to preserve the memory of the old overflowing waters. The banks at this point are very steep, and the river flows far below in a series of foaming rapids, over a rocky bed, contrary to its normal method of deep pools and smooth, even currents. Beyond this barrier the valley again expands, and its sides recede into long, gradual slopes up to the heath-clad moors, but the river never regains its old tranquillity, for its channel far down the Strath continues very rough with rocks and boulders, over which it chafes and foams, filling all the air with its loud murmurs.

Old Church at Grandtully.

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Westward of the old glacial barricade, to the neighbourhood of Aberfeldy, the Strath, with its numerous farms and small crofts, is a patch-work, a "quilted landscape," with corn and potato fields and meadows stitched in squares ; or rather, to use an image more appropriate to the locality, a continuous web of large-checked tartan laid along the bottom and slopes of the valley. Eastward, beyond Cluny, the Strath is a vast green cup filled to the brim with beauty. There the warm sun, in sheltered nooks, woos the primroses and violets out of the soil earlier than anywhere else. The hill-sides are musical with freckled burns, alive with trout ; and the copses that line their course are filled with hazel-nuts and wild rasps and brambles, which would make a feast for Pan himself ; while patriarchal trees linger on many an ancestral farm, and link the generations together, each of them a towering mass of verdant leafage, under whose cool shadow you can sit in the fervid noon with a sigh of relief, and gaze upwards as into the heights of an emerald heaven. On the wide uplands hangs nature's own tapestry of bell-heather and broom, the purple of the one and the glowing gold of the other mingled in harmonious splendour ; and here and there a little tarn—the largest Loch Derculich, a lonely heron-haunted loch, held close to the heart of the moorland—lifts its blue eye to catch the smile of heaven.

On the Grandtully side of the Strath, the land belongs to only one proprietor. There are no separate country-seats, therefore, but only farms more or less extensive. Passing down that side from Aberfeldy, the most interesting object which the visitor first observes is the hoary church of Grandtully, dedicated to St. Eonan, or Adamnan, the relics of whose house, where he probably lived for some time, are still seen at Tom-tigh-eoghn, the hillock of Eonan's house, in the near neighbourhood. It is a very ancient Christian site, being probably coeval with Dull, and was, in all

likelihood, a centre of Druid worship long before the missionaries of the Cross found their way here from Iona. It was manifestly chosen for its magnificent situation, commanding one of the grandest views in the district. The picture is exquisitely balanced at this point, and the wide sweep of plain, river, and rocky and wooded hill-side culminates on the western horizon in the tumultuous mountain masses of Breadalbane and Glenlyon, with Ben Lawers as the highest point, lit up with the purple glory of the sky. A small hamlet, called Pitcairn, nestles at the foot of the eminence, and gave its name to the old parish of Grandtully. The church was built, in 1533, by the Stewarts of Grandtully on the site of Adamnan's foundation, and was dedicated to St. Mary. When it was restored about the middle of the seventeenth century, the walls were adorned with the heraldic bearings of the Stewarts and of the families with whom they were allied; and on the barrel-shaped roof, lined with wood, were painted grotesque figures of saints and angels with trumpets, in the most brilliant colours.

These decorations have now become very dim through age and neglect, for the church has been deserted for more than fifty years. But I remember, when a boy, going to it with my father on Sundays; and often was the tedium of a long sermon relieved by the study of these curious paintings, which seemed to speak to me of the resurrection and the judgment-day. The inside of the church was long used as a burial-place, and the seats of the worshippers were over the graves of the dead; and the earthen floor being unpaved, often disclosed ghastly fragments of humanity beneath the feet, which suggested melancholy thoughts that required to be dispelled by looking up to the roof, and remembering that the unconscious dust below would yet be summoned to share in the destinies of immortality. In the adjacent churchyard the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep, lulled to rest on the lap

Valley of the Tay from the old Church at Grandtully.

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of a vast antiquity, and surrounded with a glorious scene which might well have its counterpart in heaven. In the centre of the grass-grown mounds, there is an old mossy boulder, hardly visible above the level of the ground, on which the coffin used to be laid while the grave was being dug to receive it; an archaic custom which has long been forgotten.

From that elevated spot I have often gazed on summer afternoons upon the glorious landscape, as the setting sun, with its slanting rays, reddened the stems of the trees, empurpled the distant mountains, brought out the hues of the many-toned rocks, lighted a lamp in the window-panes of the cottages which had a westward look, and poured upon the whole vast scene such a glamour of light and shadow, that it seemed the illusive vistas and perspectives of fairyland. There was something strange and spectacular in it all. As the sun sank, the violet haze of the mountains deepened into a darker purple, and a cloud of dusky gold rose upon the sky like the shore of a more ethereal world, and the pines on the heights caught the red glow, and burned for awhile without consuming. I waited till the mountains lost their radiance and became loftier and more lonely in the grey twilight; and in that mystic hour, beside that venerable church, the mists on the hills, and the clouds in the sky, shaped weird pictures of the past. The senses of the present were lulled to sleep, and to the second sight that seemed appropriate to the hour, the familiar Strath put on the unwonted appearance of ages long ago, and the ghostly forms of the primitive inhabitants who dropped their flint arrow-heads on the gravels where we now find them, and buried their dead in narrow stone cists along the dry crests of the knolls, peopled the scene. All around me were the Druidical altars, rude boulders on which no tool of iron had been lifted, from whose flint-made cups used to ascend in invisible vapour, libations to the Sun-

god. And with such a prospect before him, I did not wonder that pre-historic man worshipped, seeing that his eyes and spirit were not "ceiled to the ground" by wooden or plastered roofs as in our churches. A Mirza-like vision passed before my mind's eye; and I felt that we were indeed pilgrims and strangers on the earth, and that each race and creed that succeeded each other, had only a fleeting tenure of the scenes that at the time made their dearest home.

"We have no title-deeds to house or lands;
Owners and occupants of earlier dates,
From graves forgotten, stretch their dusty hands,
And hold in mortmain still their old estates."

At the foot of the eminence on which the church is built, about a quarter of a mile to the east, you come to the old baronial Castle of Grandtully, long a ruin, but recently restored and considerably enlarged by Lady Stewart. It was built in 1560; the original manor-house having been built on the banks of the Tay, and abandoned on account of its exposed situation, one of the proprietors having, on one occasion, been shot while standing at his own door, by an arrow aimed from the opposite bank of the river by a foeman. In its original condition it was considered a fine specimen of the Scottish castellated style of architecture, and the renovation has preserved the features that were of special interest to the antiquary. While combining all modern comforts, it retains the narrow windows originally placed in the walls, the high window-sills, and the steep stone steps descending to the rooms, which were the mementoes of times of danger.

Many admirers of Sir Walter Scott professed to find the original of Tullyveolan, the abode of the Baron of Bradwardine, in the old Castle of Grandtully. But the great novelist's description might have applied, and in point of fact has been applied, to a dozen other Castles, so that we cannot identify the place; if

Grandtully Castle.

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indeed the Castle and its environs were not altogether a creation of fancy—equally with the romantic incidents that took place in it. It was Sir Walter's habit to take a hint from this and that scene and object of antiquity, and to combine them all in his mind like a composite photograph—so that a general resemblance is no proof of identity.

Grandtully Castle is a venerable and stately pile, surrounded by ancestral trees, chiefly elms and sycamores, which partially screen it from the view of the passer-by, but enclose it in a haunt of immemorial peace. The Stewarts of Grandtully, to whom it has always belonged, were simply lairds previous to the time of Queen Mary, but were made baronets soon after that. Sir John Stewart, who married the sister of the Duke of Douglas, was a member of the family. His wife gave birth, at an advanced age, to twins; the elder of whom was concerned in a protracted trial in the House of Lords, which made a great sensation at the time, and which he ultimately won. The male line of descent is now extinct.

On the opposite side of the valley, there are about a dozen small estates contiguous to each other all down Strathtay from Aberfeldy; each of them with its own mansion-house, and its own woods and farms around it, breaking up the uniformity of the slopes into the most variegated patterns of landscape beauty. Derculich, Edradynate, Findynate, Cloichfoldich, Pitnacree, form most desirable residential properties, with many attractions, scenic and architectural. The first of the series is Killiechassie, which derives its name from an old chapel, which stood on the knoll above the mansion-house seven hundred years ago, surrounded by its burying-ground. Only a solitary stone now marks the spot. A tradition still exists regarding the closing-up of the burying-ground, owing to a tragic event that happened at one of the funerals. The party taking the coffin across the Tay was opposed by the

people on the opposite side, who maintained that the deceased had no right of interment in their churchyard; and in the conflict that ensued the boat was capsized, and all its occupants drowned in a deep pool of the river.

The original proprietors of Killiechassie were Robertsons, belonging to the famous house of Struan; but the estate passed into the hands of a family of the name of Flemyng, who held it, along with the estate of Moness at Aberfeldy, as already stated, for several hundred years. It was purchased by relatives of the late Principal Shairp of St. Andrews, who built for himself a charming rustic cottage called Cuilallein on the property, and spent his summer holidays for many years in this beautiful retreat, where he composed some of his finest poems and essays.

At Cloichfoldich, about fifty years ago owned by one of the scions of the House of Breadalbane, there is a large boulder, covered with cup-marks, and indented at the edges with long grooves cut in the stone, indicating that it was used for sharpening swords in olden times, in order to acquire some mystic virtue in consequence. The property seems to have derived its name from this boulder. The grounds are beautifully wooded, and the situation of the house is very fine.

Many of the estates farther down the Strath were owned at one time by Stewarts, but they have often changed hands, and the old mansion-houses have been replaced by larger and more elegant structures. One of the oldest houses, Ballechin or Hector's Town, still belongs to the descendants of Hector, son of James II. of Scotland. One of the scions of this house, Sir James the Rose, the young heir of the property, slew in combat a gallant squire. He was betrayed by his sweetheart; and when she saw his bleeding heart stuck on a spear, she repented of her treachery, disappeared, and was never seen more. This tragical

Cuilallein.

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incident was made the subject of one of the most touching of our old Scottish ballads, the topography of which has been variously fixed in Aberdeenshire and Forfarshire, but it is generally believed that Perthshire has the best claims.

"They sought the bank above the mill,
In the lowlands of Ballechin,
And there they found Sir James the Rose,
A-sleeping in his brechan."

The Stewarts of Ballechin actively supported the cause of the Royalists during the Commonwealth. At the battle of Killiecrankie, one of them, who was a clergyman, is said to have performed prodigies of valour. One of the Stewarts of Ballechin was the mother of General Leslie, who espoused the side of the Covenanters. Of late the mansion-house has acquired considerable notoriety by the spiritualistic phenomena which are said to have occurred in it. Unaccountable noises have been heard by the tenants night after night, to such an extent as to give rise to the feeling that the place was haunted. Descriptions of these phenomena were given in some of the leading newspapers, from the *Times* downwards; and so deep and widespread was the interest excited, that the Marquis of Bute empowered the secretary of one of the psychic societies to investigate the weird sounds. A book has accordingly been recently published by this lady, in which the mystery has been graphically described, but not satisfactorily cleared up. The natives of the locality attribute the peculiar phenomena to a very prosaic cause, viz., the introduction of water by gravitation to the house, and the passing of this element through leaden pipes of varied sizes and temperatures!

At the extreme end of Strathtay, which is about nine miles in length, where the mountain ridge that divides it from the neighbouring strath of the Tummel comes down to the lowest point, is the ancient village of Logierait. The parish of Logierait is one of

the most extensive in the Highlands, and comprehends almost the whole of Strathtay and part of Aberfeldy. It is called Laggan by the inhabitants. Quiet and dull as the village now looks, it was at one time a place of considerable importance. The last part of its name, derived from "rath," a fortified place—a word which is much more common in the place-names of Ireland than in those of Scotland—indicates that in early times it had a stronghold which defended the entrance into the valley of the Tay from the south at this point. About sixty or seventy years ago, there were still remaining on the higher ground behind the village, the ruins of the old court house, in which the Thanes of Atholl held their Court of Regality, and administered feudal justice, according to the powers delegated to them by the Crown, from the twelfth century till about eighty years ago. The Hall, where the criminals were tried, was the largest in Perthshire, being seventy feet long, with a gallery at the end; and the Gallow Hill, or Tom-na-croich, where the culprits were hanged, was near at hand, and was seldom left solitary. For in the hands of the fierce chiefs of those barbarous times, the administration of the law was very arbitrary, and the interval between the Court house and the Gallow Hill would be as short in time as it was in space.

When the Wolf of Badenoch exercised sovereign powers over all this district, the accused received short shrift indeed. If the acts of this primitive hereditary jurisdiction were ever recorded in writing, no traces of the records now remain. But tradition preserves the memory of the trial and beheading here of Allan McRory, the famous Chief of Clanranald, for reaving in the neighbourhood; and also the imprisonment of Rob Roy for a similar offence, although he was fortunate in effecting his escape before his trial came on. After the Battle of Prestonpans, no less than six hundred prisoners, taken by the rebels, were sent to this

Ballechin House, Strathtay.

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spacious court house for safe-guarding, until their fate should be decided. During the time of the witch mania in Scotland, a great many old women who were supposed to be connected with the "Black Art" in Atholl and Strathtay, were tried in the Court of Logierait and burned to death. As the district around was famous for its game, several of the early Scottish kings occasionally resided in the Castle of Logierait for a brief part of the summer; and history relates that after the abdication of Robert II. in favour of his brother, the Duke of Albany, he retired to this castle, and spent there the rest of his days.

The old Gaelic name of Logierait was Bal-na-Maoir, the town of the officers of justice; and the appropriateness of the name was here seen in the history of the place. At the beginning of the thirteenth century it was made an appanage of the monastery of Scone by John, Bishop of Dunkeld, along with the whole Thanedom of Dull. The Clan Donnochie, or Robertsons of Struan, who had a traditional tenure of the lands, considered themselves dispossessed by this transference, and in revenge ravaged the Church possessions of Dunkeld from time to time. Two centuries and a half after the Confirmation of Logierait to Scone, Bishop Cardeny had to flee from his palace from the marauders. Bishop Lauder, his successor, executed one robber of the turbulent clan and imprisoned another, but even he suffered from the vengeance of the Robertsons; for the chief and his men marched to Dunkeld, and finding the Bishop celebrating mass in the Cathedral, they let fly a shower of arrows at him, causing him to hide himself in a corner of the choir.

There is still surviving in the garden of the village inn a most interesting memorial of these stirring times, in the shape of an enormous ash-tree, whose girth at the ground is no less than fifty-three and a-half feet, and at three feet above the ground

about forty feet; its height being about sixty feet. Its trunk is hollow, and fitted up as a capacious summer house; but the outer shell seems to retain the old vitality, and to nourish a luxuriant cloud of foliage each summer as fresh and full of life as in its first green youth—when it witnessed the pomp of kings and the fell deeds of ruthless barons.

Not far from Logierait, in the same parish, are two ancient monuments of religion, separated from each other by many hundreds of years, and separated still more in sentiment and degree of enlightenment. On the highest part of the moorland between Strathtay and Strathtummel, there is a group of *clachan iobairt*, or "stones of worship," where the Druids of old performed their mysterious rites, going round the circle of standing stones from east to west with the sun, or the *car deasel*, the lucky side, when they wished to invoke a blessing upon their friends, and going round the circle in the opposite direction, from west to east, the *car tuathsel*, or unlucky side, when they wished to pronounce a curse upon their foes.

Farther eastward and down the Tummel Valley, at Dunfallandy, in the same parish of Logierait, there is a curious sculptured stone, which belongs to a type found only in the east of Scotland, and north of the Forth. It looks as if it had strayed somehow from the singular group of monuments at Meigle in Perthshire, which comprises a larger number of complete specimens of this kind than are to be found anywhere else. The Dunfallandy monument is a solitary slab of carved stone about five feet high, and two and a-half inches in thickness, with a slightly rounded top. On one side it exhibits a very fine Iona cross, extending the whole length of the stone, with its outlines strongly defined by a raised round edging. Its shaft and transverse limbs are ornamented with interlaced work peculiar to Celtic art of very beautiful patterns,

In the Valley of the Tay, looking towards Ben Lawers.

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and marked in the shaft with two groups of five raised bosses each, and in the transverse limbs with two groups of three prominent bosses each. On either side of the cross there are panels of divided spaces, two of which contain rude carvings of winged human figures like angels, and the rest of grotesque imaginary animal forms such as belong to the Divine Bestiary of the early Middle Ages. On the reverse side of the stone there is a border formed by two long snakes with fish-like tails and large heads, snatching with open mouth at a human face between them. Within this moulding are incised two ecclesiastical figures dressed in long garments which completely cover them from head to foot, seated in chairs with side-arms and high-curved backs. There is a cross on a pedestal in the middle, and both figures face it and seem intently gazing at it. In the central part of the stone is incised a man on horseback; and in the lower part a hammer, chisel, and tongs are carved. On this reverse side of the stone may be seen the crescent and double-disk symbols—a series of conventional figures, never found on any other monuments in the world than on this one peculiar type, and which, in spite of the most ingenious efforts to explain them, are still involved in impenetrable mystery. It requires a second Daniel to interpret to us the mystic figures which are inscribed on both sides of this ancient stone, upon which the winds and rains of more than seven hundred years have beaten as it has stood on its site. The stone is locally called "The Priest's Stone."

Dunfallandy means the Mound of Blood. The bloody stone, behind which the assassin hid himself, or on which the victim was resting when struck down, is still shown there. It marks the site of a tragedy, commemorated in a ballad, which Mrs. Ogilvy has recorded in her book of "Highland Minstrelsy." The owner of the Dunfallandy estate, Miss Margaret Fergusson, died in August

last at the age of seventy-six years. She was the last direct survivor of the ancient family of that name, who claimed descent from King Fergus the First, and lived in the Vale of Atholl as their native territory since that period. Some of the scions of this house were Knights Templars who took part in the Crusades. In more recent times they were among the followers of the Duke of Montrose in his great campaign. General Fergusson of Dunfallandy took a very prominent part in the Mahratta War in India. He received a sabre wound on the forehead in the celebrated Siege of Seringapatam, at the capture of the redoubtable Tippoo Saib, the scar of which appears in his portrait painted by Raeburn, hanging on the dining-room wall of the house. He built the present substantial residence in 1818; the previous one having been destroyed by fire. The charter of the estates was signed by John Balliol and King Robert the Bruce. At Dunfallandy House the chief of the Fergussons is recorded as having resided when the roll of the clan was made up about the time of the Spanish Armada. Near the house is the family burying-ground, connected with the remains of a chapel dating from the twelfth century, where the other day the last chieftainess was interred.

Hegel says that one thought of man is worth the whole of nature; and the beauty of Strathtay is not unconsecrated by human genius. The Tay is not a poet's river, like the Tweed or the Thames; but its own scenic charm has the additional charm of literary memories which are not altogether "writ in water." The touching ballad of Sir James the Rose commemorates the tragedy at Ballechin, and is a much more impressive association than recent ghostly manifestations. At Balnaguard—a rude village on the south side of the Tay, where the guards of the kings of Scotland when they came

Logierait Manse and Church.

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to this locality resided—is laid the scene of the novel of "Self-control," by Mrs. Brunton, one of the primitive books which solaced the leisure of our great-grandmothers, and was in great vogue in its day. And a very clever living author has recently described in his most interesting story of "The Minister of State," some of the features of the physical and human life of his native strath, in which he has laid the drama, and so has enhanced the charms of the region, and given to them the independent existence of literature, and set free for the delight of all, that which only a few could enjoy by a personal visit to the spot.

But it is at the Manse of Logierait chiefly, that the present comes most into touch with the clouded forms of past history. On the banks of the Tay, a little west from the village, are the church and manse of Logierait, both plain and unpretending buildings, but deriving a rural charm from their beautiful surroundings reflected in the calm waters of the river. In this manse was born, in 1723, Dr. Adam Ferguson, the author of the well-known "History of the Roman Republic," and the intimate friend of Adam Smith, Hume, Blair, Robertson and Gibbon, his great contemporaries, all of whom he survived. His father was the minister of the parish, and claimed to be descended from one of the fathers of the Reformation. The old man drew up at a very advanced age a manuscript memoir of his life, shedding much interesting light upon the social condition and public history of his country at the end of the seventeenth century.

This autobiography became the property of Principal Lee, of the Edinburgh University; and from it we learn that the famous Earl of Mar, immediately after he had set up the standard of rebellion at Braemar, marched to Atholl with his "lads with

the philabeg," and paid the Rev. Adam Ferguson a visit at the Manse of Logierait, and urged him to join the cause of Prince Charlie, which the loyal minister refused to do. His son, after being taught at home, in the parish school and at Perth Academy, went to the University of St. Andrews, being intended for the Church. He became chaplain to the Black Watch, and served with that renowned regiment—many of whose soldiers were his own school-fellows and friends from Strathtay—in Flanders, till the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. At the battle of Fontenoy the spirited young chaplain disobeyed orders, and with a drawn broadsword in his hands occupied the front rank in that famous attack upon the enemy, which is quoted still by military men as one of the bravest and most successful charges in the annals of warfare. When his father's death took place he expected, naturally, owing to his influence with the Atholl family, to be presented to the living. But he was too proud to ask for it himself and it was not offered. Much mortified, he abandoned the clerical profession altogether, and soon after found a more congenial sphere in the Chair of Moral Philosophy in the Edinburgh University. He accompanied the young Earl of Chesterfield—the nephew of the famous Earl—in his travels over the Continent, during which he visited Voltaire at Ferney and Madame de Staël at Coppet, and wore her miniature round his neck to the end of his life. After this he acted as secretary to the mission sent to America in 1778 to effect a reconciliation between Britain and her revolted colony.

In his youth, while acting as tutor to Lord Lynedoch, one of Wellington's most famous generals, Dr. Ferguson visited his father's manse at Logierait with his pupil. James Macpherson was staying in the manse at the same time, having come to this district to collect any fragments of ancient Gaelic poetry that

Logierait. Birthplace of the late Hon. Alex. MacKenzie, Premier of Canada.

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might still remain. He showed his collection of Ossianic poetry to Ferguson, who afterwards submitted the manuscript to Dr. Blair, Edinburgh, and with his co-operation the volume was published, and at once became one of the classics of literature, in spite of the fierce controversy which it provoked by the doubts thrown upon its authenticity. It was owing to the martial ring of the Ossianic poetry as recited in the sonorous tones of Macpherson, during this sojourn in the manse of Logierait, that young Lynedoch imbibed the military ardour which led him afterwards to such heights of renown. It may be added that Sir Walter Scott, who was the friend and companion of Sir Adam Ferguson—the son of the great professor—wrote the inscription that was put upon the tomb of the old man. Another interesting literary association with the manse of Logierait was the birth there, at a later date, of Dr. Robert Bisset, the son of the parish minister, who was well known in his day as the author of a "History of the Reign of George III.," the "Life of Edmund Burke," and an edition of the *Spectator*, with lives of the writers. He died in 1805, in the forty-sixth year of his age.

In one of the humble thatched cottages by the wayside at Logierait was born, in 1823, Alexander Mackenzie, the first Liberal Premier of the Canadian Dominion. He was the son of a mason, and was brought up to that trade, but he emigrated at an early age, with his brothers, to Canada, where he became editor of one of the local newspapers, and a member of Parliament; his great ability, in course of time, raising him to the highest position. His five years' ministry was contemporaneous with Lord Dufferin's tenure of office as Governor-General, and is said to have been "the purest administration which Canada has experienced." When he revisited this country he was entertained by the Queen at Windsor, but he declined the honour of knighthood; and

though at the head of several commercial institutions, he died poor. His career is a remarkable illustration of what the force of character and persevering self-culture can do, in raising a man from the lowest rank to almost sovereign authority.

Below Logierait is the confluence of the Tummel and the Tay. The Tummel, by its tributaries that rise from Loch Rannoch and Loch Garry, the gathering of hundreds of silver threads of water from a hundred hills, drains immense tracts of country, which contain some of the wildest scenery in Scotland. The Garry comes down from the desolate moors of Drumochter, waters the beautiful vale of Blair Atholl, and forces its way through the magnificent Pass of Killiecrankie. The Tummel issues from the east end of Loch Rannoch, and after a most tumultuous course, forming one of the wildest streams in all the Highlands, a constant series of deep pools and foaming cascades, subsides for a while into the calmness of Loch Tummel, then leaping over a splendid waterfall, flows through the green mountain lawns fringed and broken by feathery birch and velvet alder—the Trossachs-like scenery of Bonskeid and Fascally. And the two streams uniting below the Pass of Killiecrankie, under the one name of the Tummel, with augmented volume add greatly to the charms of the richly cultivated Pitlochry valley—before they finally join the Tay at Ballinluig. In the old churchyard of Blair Atholl is the burial place of Claverhouse, after the battle of Killiecrankie. Marching downward through Badenoch to Atholl, Viscount Dundee encountered the forces of the royal army, under General Mackay at Killiecrankie, through which wound a narrow and steep road, which scarcely afforded room for the men to walk abreast. The Highland army approached from the brow of the hill of Lude, and rushed down with their broadswords upon the Royalists before they had time to fix their bayonets, when they broke up

and fled in utter confusion. In a few minutes the Battle of Killiecrankie was fought and won. But Dundee fell mortally wounded by a shot, and expired in a short time. The place where he fell at Urrard is marked out by a stone. His death was a fatal blow to the cause of King James in Scotland. Blair Castle was stormed, it may be added, by Prince Charlie during the rebellion in 1745.

Rannoch is celebrated for its beautiful scenery. Its extensive loch, about ten miles long, with a nearly uniform breadth of one mile, occupies a magnificent basin, and is well stocked with finely-marked yellow trout. Its fishing reputation rests mostly however, upon its abundance of *Salmo ferox*, which often attain huge proportions and afford exciting sport. The loch is guarded at the east end by the lofty cone of Schiehallion on the one side, and the precipitous wooded heights of Craig Var on the other side, down which foams a mountain burn, forming, during a storm, one long line of leaping white madness. At the western end, across the dreary moor of Rannoch, is a grand horizon of the distant mountains of Lochaber, hiding their summits in the clouds that rise from the Atlantic, among which the twin conical peaks of Buachaille Etive, the Shepherds of Etive, may be clearly distinguished. The northern side of the loch is covered for miles with an almost unbroken forest of magnificent old birch-trees, whose rugged trunks are hoary with shaggy lichens. On the south side, occupying about four square miles of ground, is a grand fir-forest called the Black Wood, which, although a large portion of the timber was cut down and sold a good many years ago, still contains some splendid old specimens of this picturesque tree. It is a relic of the great Caledonian forest, and within its shade may be found many insects, that belong especially to the north of Europe, where the pine chiefly abounds.

One of the most common of these is a longicorn beetle which is known in Sweden, and, strange to say, also in Rannoch, as "the timberman," on account of its frequenting saw-mills and even the door-posts of wooden houses. It has a disproportionately long proboscis, being about four times the length of its body, reminding one of the extraordinary developments of tropical insects. Another curious insect frequenting the forest, is called by the inhabitants of the neighbouring village of Camghouran the "bee-beetle," from the close resemblance of the velvety black bands on its yellow downy body to those of the common humble-bee. The Black Wood is the paradise of the entomologist; for it harbours a larger number of rare insects than any other place in Britain. Many of them are of considerable size and possess very attractive colouring; while others exhibit curious habits and modes of development. Several species were first discovered here as British, and some have not yet been found elsewhere in Britain. Upwards of a score of insects peculiar to the forest are essentially northern forms. The parallelism between them and the insects of Norway and Sweden is of the closest character, and is thus a strong confirmation of the evidence afforded by some of the plants of the district, that in this corner of Scotland, we have in the relics of the Caledonian forest, the remains of a Scandinavian flora and fauna that at one time spread over the whole country.

Near the west end of Loch Rannoch, the tumultuous Ericht enters the loch, after flowing for about six miles from a wild and lonesome loch of the same name. There is a legend that the site of this loch was once a fertile valley, densely populated, which, by a sudden catastrophe, was overwhelmed by a deluge. Several schemes to utilise its high-lying waters in connection with

aluminium works and for other commercial purposes, have been proposed and abandoned. The latest plan, to make the loch the source of electric power for the business centres of the low country, has been vehemently opposed by all interested in the preservation of its natural charms. There is a quaint, old-fashioned hamlet by the roadside near the mouth of the Ericht, called Kilchonan, and an ancient graveyard lies above it, connected with a chapel that has disappeared, dedicated to St. Conan, the Celtic apostle of Glenorchy, who preached the gospel to the heathen inhabitants of Rannoch at the close of the sixth century. In the graveyard there is a rough cairn, a relic of the first primitive burials in the place, forming a strange contrast to the modern tombstones around, and strikingly preserving the continuity of its use from prehistoric times. On one of the tombstones there is a curious inscription in Gaelic and French, two Celtic tongues not often brought into conjunction, especially in such an out-of-the-world locality. Near the graveyard the large Kilchonan Burn forms a very fine waterfall, sounding its incessant coronach over the dead.

Associated with the old local memories of St. Conan are the comparatively recent ones of Dugald Buchanan, the poet-schoolmaster, whose sacred poems, in exquisitely graphic and musical Gaelic, have been held for more than a century in great repute throughout the Highlands, and whose pious evangelical labours effected a wonderful religious and moral transformation, about one hundred and fifty years ago, in the district. Like Dante, the terrors of the future world had a wonderful fascination for him. His longest poem on the Day of Judgment has more sustained power and elevation of sentiment, and makes a stronger impression both upon the imagination and the heart, than Young's "Last Day," which much resembles it. At Kinloch-Rannoch,

in the open space in front of one of the hotels, stands a handsome monument of polished Peterhead granite, erected by a number of the poet's admirers at home and abroad, with a stanza in Gaelic from his poem on "The Skull," engraved on one side, and on the other side an inscription to his memory. The largest portion of Rannoch at one time belonged to the well-known Robertsons of Struan, a remarkably vigorous race which impressed itself deeply upon the history of the Highlands. One of the scions, Alexander Robertson of Dunalastair, possessed poetic gifts of no mean order, which he exercised in the Jacobite cause, of which he was an enthusiastic upholder, and for which he was thrice outlawed and exiled. The famous Robertson of Brighton was a descendant of this clan, and derived much of his fervour and high inspiration from the blood that ran in his veins. Speaking of saints and preachers, an imposing monument within the last few years has been erected upon rising ground above the railway station at Pitlochry, to commemorate the Rev. Dr. Alexander Duff—one of the greatest of India's missionaries, who was born in the village of Moulin, in the neighbourhood.

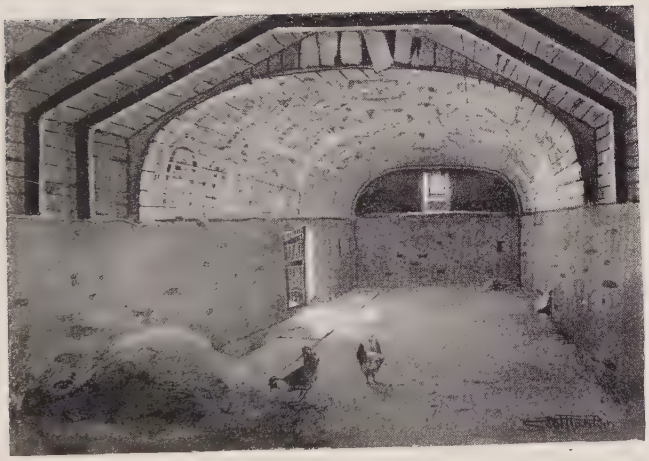
The scenery through which the two rivers, Garry and Tummel, flow is as varied and magnificent as any in Perthshire. It is haunted by old legends, and is full of historical associations. On the banks of the Ericht, Arthur Hugh Clough fixed the scene of his famous idyll, "The Bothy of Tobernavuolich," descriptive of the summer experiences of an Oxford reading party. Memories of the invasion of Rannoch by MacDougall, of Lorn, crowd around "Duncan's Leap"—a jump, sixteen feet across the Ericht, taken by Duncan of Struan, the friend and follower of Bruce, in escaping from his enemies. The northern skirts of Schiehallion remind us of the retreat of Robert the Bruce and his

Queen from the disastrous battle of Methven to this inaccessible spot; and a cave at the foot of Ben Alder, whose shadow is reflected in Loch Ericht, concealed the Young Chevalier from the pursuit of the king's troops after the fatal field of Culloden.

Crossmount, at the foot of Schiehallion, with its picturesque woods and rocks and dark pools, recalls a visit which Ruskin paid to it in his youth, when it was the property of a kind friend of his, Mr. Macdonald of St. Martin's. He gave the name of the place to one of the chapters in the second volume of his "Preterita," in which he touches with his usual deft grace upon some of the incidents of his sojourn in "the clump of pines," as he called the charming house which sheltered his friend's Lodge from the four winds of the wilderness. He tells how he accompanied his host to a battue of shrieking, white Alpine hares, near the top of Schiehallion—the results of which, to the number of seventy or eighty, were presented to the poorer tenantry; characteristically adding that it would have been better, in his opinion, if the poorer tenantry had been permitted to find the stock of their hare-soup for themselves. He never again during his stay took part in the "fashionable amusement," but devoted himself instead to studying the forms and forces of the waters of the river, while he skilfully steered his boat over the broken surface, and also in drawing the shapes of the tree-branches in the woods, and the leaves and blossoms of the wild flowers around, until, as he said, "every square foot of meadow or mossy-bank became an infinite picture and possession to me, and the grace and adjustment to each other of growing leaves, a subject of more curious interest to me than the composition of any painter's masterpiece." He found laborious occupation in eradicating a crop of thistles, which grew with unusual luxuriance in one of the neglected fields. And he remarks: "The thistle-field at Crossmount was an inheritance of

amethystine treasure to me; and the working hours in it are among the few in my life which I remember with entire serenity, as being certain I could here spend them no better. For I had wiser—though I say it—thoughts in them, too many to set down here (they are scattered afterwards up and down in "Fors" and "Munera Pulveris"), and wholesome sleep after them, in spite of the owls, which were many, in the clumps of pine by Tummel shore." On the roadside between Pitlochry and Ballinluig, the old hostelry of Moulinearn retains with pride the recollection, that the brilliant Sheridan stopped there on his way to visit the Duke of Atholl at Blair Castle, and partook of the local beverage composed of honey and whisky, called Atholl Brose, whose exhilarating effect was greater even than that of his usual potations.

Atholl-side is musical with Jacobite songs and romantic memories of the times of Prince Charlie; and the aspens of Killiecrankie seem to keep in continual remembrance the tragedy of "Bonnie Dundee," and the wild rush of the victorious Highlanders, by the trembling of their leaves—a natural circumstance that first gave origin to the name of the Pass, which means the shivering of the woods. From above the plateau at the meeting of the waters, on which a fine Celtic cross stands as a monument to the late Duke of Atholl, a magnificent view up Strathtummel is obtained. It is a long drawn out vista of lofty mountains and feathering woods, fold upon fold, receding into the very heart of the Grampian solitudes, beyond all human dwellings, giving new and beautiful combinations of landscape at every turn. Ben Vrackie, near at hand, lifts its brown pyramid of rock and moor into the zenith, from which it catches the shadow of some wandering cloud; and beyond, the wild ranges of Ben-y-ghlo and the Sow of Atholl fade away upon the far blue horizon. The High-



Interior of old Church at Pitcairn, Grandtully.

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land Railway passes through this extensive region to Inverness, and brings the visitor, in the course of a few hours, through a succession of the most varied scenery, from the green meadows and soft cornfields of the valley of the Tay, up to the wild leagues of heath and fir at the foot of the Cairngorm mountains.

Chapter VII.

DUNKELD.

The Tay, after its confluence with the Tummel, pursues its course through a wider and more open valley, which it takes full possession of; for its waters are not confined within its proper banks. They form channels and stagnant pools, at a distance from the main current, shaded by hazel and willow-bushes, which look very picturesque, filled with pond weeds, and sometimes with the pure white cups of water-lilies. The river has been a great rover in this wide strath, having plenty of room to disport itself on the level sandy haughs which are its own creation. It works now at one side of the valley, and again at the other side; and its full current swirls round sandbanks and isolated knolls, covered with clumps of picturesque firs. The sides of the valley are very rugged and uneven with old terraces and glacial moraines, covered with bushes of hazel, broom, and sloe; and the brown heather comes down from the sky-line and covers the upper slopes.

Above the station of Ballinluig is the romantically situated mansion of Tullymet, embowered among rocks and woods, with a magnificent outlook in front. The estate belonged to the late Sir Robert Dick, one of the bravest generals in the British Army. As an officer in the Black Watch, he passed with great distinction through the whole Peninsular War, terminating at Waterloo. During the Sikh War he played a leading part, and was the hero of Sobraon, falling at the close of the day when the hard-won victory was achieved, by the last shot fired by the enemy. To

The Tummel, near its junction with the Tay.

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this quiet retreat he retired as often as he could from the fatigue, and dangers of warfare, and was greatly beloved by his tenants, who knew him from his boyhood. He lies far away from his native scenes at Ferozepore, in India.

On the same side of the river, farther down, the slopes of the hills are covered with extensive plantations of larch, which have attained very respectable proportions, and give a richly wooded appearance to the district, But they have not the picturesque look of a fir forest ; and in the winter they seem naked and desolate. On the brow of the valley there is an open glade among the larch woods, from which gleams a series of low, white buildings, symmetrically arranged in a square. It looks like a mediæval castle, or a barracks, and one is surprised to be told that it is the Duchess of Atholl's model farm. The uniformity of the architecture harmonises with the monotony of the surroundings, to which it gives an imposing appearance. Everything is kept in the neatest manner. On the opposite side of the strath are the mansions of Dalguise and Kinnaird House, beautifully situated on the banks of the river and surrounded with fine old woods and craggy heights covered with dark fir trees. At Kinnaird beneath its overhanging rock there is a holy well, and the ruins of a chapel, both dedicated to St. Lawrence ; either the famous martyr—or the successor of Augustine in Kent, who, although not canonised, was held in great veneration, and did much to reconcile the Celtic and Roman Churches. The Stewart family of Dalguise is a very ancient one, tracing its origin to Robert II., and occupying a distinguished position in Scottish annals. Beyond these mansions the strath contracts, and the scenery, as the Parish of Dowally is left, becomes more picturesque. It is especially romantic two miles above Dunkeld, where the confused masses of rocky and richly-wooded hills approach so close on either side of the river

that they form between them the great pass to the Highlands of Atholl and Breadalbane, through which lay the principal route from the South to the North of Scotland.

At this point the Braan comes down from Loch Freuchie at Amulree, through Strathbraan, and falls into the Tay. Near its mouth, beside a crooked bridge over the stream, there is a quiet, old-fashioned village called Inver, which is a Gaelic name, meaning the junction of a river. It is almost unknown to the great world now, as the train passes close by and whirls away the tourist, who gets a mere momentary glimpse of it among the trees, with its green foliage and sparkling waters. But in former times it stood on the coach road between Perth and Inverness, and its simple country inn was a welcome baiting-place for man and horse. In this Rip Van Winkle sort of place was born, in 1727, the well-known Scottish vocalist and composer of dance music, Neil Gow. Patronised by the Atholl family, he was brought by them to London, where he acquired a high reputation as a player of reels and strathspeys, and was much in request at Scottish festivals. His art was greatly admired, especially his up-stroke, which was said to have been unique. His playing produced an electrical effect upon the dancers in an assembly. When changing from strathspeys to the reel, he always shouted "Hoigh," in the usual Highland fashion, which greatly animated the spirits and added energy to the heels of the performers. He composed upwards of eighty-seven tunes, most of which are still admired, and helped greatly to make our national dance-music more popular. His best-known tune, "Farewell to Whisky," was in commemoration of the legal prohibition of whisky distillation in 1811. His four sons, especially Nathanael, were also well-known composers of music, and some of their tunes were quite equal to their father's in beauty and merit. In 1787 Burns paid him a

On the Tay, near Dunkeld.

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visit, when he was in his sixtieth year; and the poet describes him as "a short, stout-built, honest Highland figure, with his greyish hair shed on his honest, social brow; an interesting face, marking strong sense, kind-openheartedness, mixed with unmistrusting simplicity." To Burns' beautiful song:

"Oh, stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay!"

he composed an appropriate air called "Loch Erichtside." The walls of the old house at Inver where Neil Gow was born are still standing, but they have been renovated and covered with a new thatch; and near at hand is the stone-seat shaded by a huge oak, nearly three hundred years old, still standing, on which he sat when practising his reels and strathspeys, to the wondering delight of the village children, who used to gather round him on such occasions. Sir Henry Raeburn painted no less than four portraits of him, attired in tartan knee-breeches, with his chin resting on his fiddle; one of which belongs to the Dalhousie family, another to the Duke of Atholl, and a third may be seen hung on the walls of the County Rooms in Perth.

The first portrait is in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery in Edinburgh. It was in the possession of the son of the artist Henry Raeburn, of St. Bernard's, who certified that this was the original painting from life, of which the other portraits painted by his father were copies. He presented the picture to Robert Salmond, who lent it to the trustees of the gallery. A mezzotint of him, engraved by William Say, executed in stipple by Scott, and finally as a vignette in line by Croll, has been called "The perfection of a likeness." Neil Gow died in 1807, in his eightieth year, and was buried in Little Dunkeld churchyard, where a marble tablet has been erected to his memory.

Following up the banks of the Braan, the stream passes

through a wild dell, where it foams and roars among broken rocks between precipitous banks. The path along the edge of the river is most enticing, revealing new vistas of beauty with each step. It leads through bosky woods to a projecting ledge, on which stands a summer-house, called Ossian's Hermitage. From the window may be seen the river dashing over a waterfall about eighty feet high, and flowing dark and gloomy through a narrow cleft in the rocks. The Hermitage was burnt down a good many years ago. The natural attractions of the spot were supposed to be enhanced by a melodramatic exhibition; the waters of the cascade being made, by reflecting mirrors fixed on the roof and sides, to surround the visitor, like a statue of a water-god played upon by the spray of a fountain. The building was replaced by a sober structure more in keeping with the wild natural features of the scene.

A mile higher up, the Braan rushes through a very deep, dark chasm, where the rocks almost meet across. The Rumbling Bridge flings its impressive arch over the gulf, veiled by trees and bushes that grow together from either side, and adds to its picturesqueness. In olden times, like its namesake on the Devon near Dollar, there were no parapets to defend the wayfarer, and it must have been no small feat to a nervous person to attempt the passage, especially on a darkish night. Wordsworth, who visited the spot, condemned in a long poem the meretricious arts which were added to enhance the wild natural charms of the place: and thus concludes.

"When will your hapless patrons learn,
To watch and ponder, to discern
The freshness, the everlasting youth,
Of Admiration sprung from truth;
From beauty infinitely growing
Upon a mind with love o'erflowing—

Valley of the Tay at Dunkeld.

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To sound the depths of every Art
That seeks its wisdom through the heart?
Thus (when the intrusive Pile, ill graced
With baubles of theatric taste
O'erlooks the torrent breathing showers
On motley bounds of alien flowers,
In stiff confusion set or sown,
Till Nature cannot find her own
Or keep a remnant of the sod
Which Caledonian heroes trod)
I mused; and thirsting for redress,
Recoiled into the wilderness."

In the grounds of Dunkeld House, the walks, of which this fine waterfall is the termination, are very numerous and extensive, shaded by magnificent trees, native and foreign. Here are the first two larches ever planted in Britain. They were brought from the Tyrol by Menzies of Culdares in 1738, and were first treated as greenhouse plants, when they were found not to thrive. They were then thrown out on a heap of refuse, and at once began to take kindly to the soil. They are now huge monsters, more than a hundred feet high, and of corresponding girth, and in the most perfect vigour—the finest of their kind in existence. The Duke of Atholl planted twenty square miles of larch wood on his estates. He had a perfect passion for this tree, clothing many waste hills and moorlands with it. The wild alternation of hill and dale, and the southern exposure of the mouths of the glens, seemed to give the same conditions to the tree which it found in its native regions in the Tyrolese and Dalmatian Alps. Though planted simultaneously with other trees, it quickly outgrew them, and in later spring its bright green clouds of delicate foliage rose above the dark forest, like "obelisks of beryl." Shedding its leaves in winter, and so securing itself from the keen blasts of early spring that prove so destructive to ordinary pine

trees, its dull golden hue makes it ornamental to the landscape, to which it gives the pathos of the deciduous woods of our country. Being more proof against water and fire than almost any other tree, the larch was employed in public buildings in Venice, cut down from the hills of Belluno and Feltri, and they have withstood the conflagrations and inundations of centuries, and still show no symptoms of decay. The oldest paintings of the great Italian masters have been preserved in a remarkable manner, owing to the panels of larch on which they were executed.

Dunkeld-house, one of the seats of the Duke of Atholl, as originally planned, would have been a magnificent building; but its founder having died when it was only partially built, it was finished on a much simpler and more economical scale. It is still, however, a most charming mansion, and admirably harmonious with its surrounding parks and hills. Queen Anne came here in 1703, to visit the first Duke of Atholl, whom she raised from the Marquisate; and a state chamber is shown as Queen Anne's Bedroom. Here, too, Queen Victoria came on her first memorable visit to Scotland in 1842, on her way to Taymouth Castle. Her Majesty has repeatedly sojourned in this beautiful spot, enjoying the repose of privacy away from the cares of State, with her attached friend the late Dowager Duchess.

No part of the course of the Tay is more beautiful than at Dunkeld. Within an area of five miles there is an epitome of all that is most characteristic in Highland scenery. As a whole, the landscape is not wild or grand; and yet there are elements in it of savage majesty, subdued by others of a serene and exquisite loveliness—lofty cliffs wooded to the top with dark firs, and soft deciduous woodlands, green meadows, and flashing waters. It looks like a portion of the Trossachs, the relics of an older world,

The Tay at Dunkeld.

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grown over with the charms of the present; a confusion of Nature's most chaotic beauties reduced to a wonderful order and symmetry. A meeting of slaty and micaceous rocks has by their disintegration produced the most various outlines, seen as through a moist depth of various colours, and catching bluish and violet half-lights under the shadowing trees.

Dunkeld is situated in an amphitheatre, through which the Tay flows in its most majestic aspect, surrounded by abrupt rocks and conical hills clothed with firs, as with dark thunder-clouds, arising out of dense umbrageous woods of oak and ash, birch and beech. The tinting of such trees in autumn is sumptuous, fairy flames of red, amid golden flickers, breaking out through rich velvet greens that still defy the decaying touch of October. And what forest cloisters have a shade so dense and rich in summer! The way in which the precipitous eminences of Craig-y-Barns and Craig Vinean were clothed with trees, invests them with a wonderful interest. Originally they towered up to heaven bare and gaunt in their hoary nakedness; their sides being too precipitous to admit of being planted in the usual way. But Mr. Napier, the famous engineer, while on a visit to the Duke of Atholl, suggested that the cannon in front of his host's residence might be loaded with tin canisters, filled with seeds of pine and spruce and larch, and then fired at the Craigs. This was done, when the canisters, striking the rocks, burst like shells, and dispersed the seeds in the cracks and ledges, where they grew, and in course of time formed the vast billows of forest vegetation which have now submerged the highest points of the scenery—points which, in the distance, look ethereally purple and blue, but near at hand shine with the most vivid emerald gleams when the sun smites them.

In the crevices of the rocks of Craig-y-Barns used to be found in considerable abundance large tufts of the *Asplenium scp-*

tentrionale, a fern common in Norway and Switzerland, but exceedingly rare in this country. Its fronds are almost linear, like a tuft of grass. Of late years, however, it has become exceedingly scarce, and is in danger of extirpation.

A most charming feature in the landscape is the long bridge which spans the Tay in the centre of the valley. It was built in 1808 by the Duke of Atholl, and cost £42,000. Its seven arches form a perfect triumph of human skill over the smooth waters, which reflect them with almost conscious pride—arch and shadow making a complete circle on transparent noons. The view up and down the broad river, with its green lawns and frowning mountain tops, is sufficient to arrest the steps of the visitor as he crosses over in a spell of admiration. The affluent stream comes all at once into view from behind the mysterious hills, and it vanishes a little farther down, in a bend of the valley, into a mystery of Nature equally wistful ; but the isolated link of the great river's chain of beauty floods the soul of the spectator with calmness and peace. It gives you in that low valley, shut in by the rocks and woods, a sense of illimitable freedom and expansion, an enlarged consciousness of the unknown and the unseen, on which your soul floats out into infinity. Even in its fastest currents and eddies there is a deep feeling of tranquillity ; while the broad, deep pools seem to be stationary, beating a murmuring melody from the air in their slow, rhythmic flow, suggesting a grand repose begotten of motion itself. I know no fairer reach of a river than that of the Tay at Dunkeld, or a brighter picture than that which it illumines with its music and light. And yet the beauty of the scenery could not atone for the grievance of the pontage exacted for many years from the passengers crossing from either end. This had the effect of restricting the communication between the two sides of the river, and of retarding the growth and prosperity

On the Tay, near Dunkeld Cathedral.

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of Dunkeld. After many struggles and appeals, the obnoxious charge was abolished in 1879 by the passing of the Roads and Bridges Bill, and the people can now make free use of the bridge.

The present town of Dunkeld consists of one main street and several small side ones, very quiet and eventless, but with an air of antique quaintness. Its site was chosen at a very early period for strategical purposes. A strong Pictish fortification, called Caledon Castle, was built prior to the fifth century on a prominent knoll behind the town, called the King's Seat, to command the passes from the north to the south; and a large number of dwellings gathered round it for the sake of security, so that for many years it was the capital of the Pictish Kingdom. When the Culdees fled from Iona, owing to the introduction of Popish rites in 729, they built a rude monastery in the vicinity of this fort, on the site of an older cell or church of clay and wattles in the style of those days, and made the place a second Iona, to which pilgrimages were appointed from all parts of the land. To this monastery were transferred many of the ancient books of Iona, and the relics of St. Columba; the parent institution, on the melancholy Isle in the western waves, having become too insecure a resting-place, owing to the ravages of the Danes and Norwegians. St. Columba, accompanied by Kentigern, visited Dunkeld on his way to convert the Picts in Inverness-shire, and many traces of him may be identified in the names of local wells and dedications of old churches in the valley of the Tay. To this period may probably be assigned the Dunkeld sculptured monument, which is a flat slab of stone, on one side having a group of figures representing Daniel in the den of lions, carved in the rudest and most conventional manner; and on the other, the destruction of Pharaoh's host in the Red Sea; subjects

of common occurrence in the sculptured sarcophagi of Italy and Gaul.

St. Columba gave his name to the Monastery of Dunkeld, where his bones ultimately reposed, after their brief interment in Iona; but his tomb has disappeared for ages from human ken, and "no man knoweth his sepulchre to this day." The festival of the Saint used to be observed locally on St. Columba's Day, 9th of June; and a fair has been held in the town from time immemorial on the day following. In 845 the Danes, under the celebrated chief Regnor Lodbrog, penetrated as far as this secluded valley, plundered the ancient town, and doubtless as their custom was in the western Isles, burnt the wooden monastery. But Kenneth MacAlpine, who united the Scots and Picts into one kingdom, rebuilt the monastery of stone three years afterwards. In 905 the Danes returned and again ravaged the town, and destroyed the more substantial monastery.

For more than two hundred years we have no record of the ecclesiastical institution that took its place. But in 1127 King David I. laid the foundation of the Cathedral, which stands apart from the town on the banks of the river, shaded by fine old trees. It is an ideal position for a sacred building. Many a stirring incident of the hoary centuries have no chronicle save in the silent stones of these ancient ruins. Everywhere you set "your foot upon some reverend history." In the Book of Deer, preserved in Cambridge, there is a formal grant made by David I. translated from Latin to Gaelic—which was the universal language of Scotland at the time—of lands for the building of a church of Christ and the Apostle Peter at Dunkeld, dedicated to Columcille and Drostan, free from all exactions. This gift was made over to Cormac, Bishop of Dunkeld. This is doubtless the royal charter of the Institution. King David made it the seat of

Dunkeld Cathedral.

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a Bishopric, of which the Culdees of the ancient monastery formed the chapter. Afterwards it flourished exceedingly, until it obtained, for a considerable time, the primacy of Scotland.

The architecture of the Cathedral, which is a very imposing building, is somewhat composite, combining the Norman and the Pointed styles. It was built at different periods, by different founders, which will account for its mixed character. In 1318 Bishop Sinclair, who was called Robert the Bruce's own Bishop, and brother of the Laird of Roslin, built the choir, in the First Pointed style, on the site of part of the old monastery. After Bruce's death Bishop Sinclair abandoned his cause, assisted at the coronation of Balliol, and signed the deed by which the Scottish Parliament surrendered to the English monarch the national independence. This portion of the Cathedral was restored, and now forms the parish church. In the middle of the gable may be seen some reddish dressed stones which formed part of the old monastery, showing that they had been taken from Scone. Bishop Cardeny founded the nave, which is now in ruins, in the Second Pointed style, about 1406. It was built of stones of small size, which could be carried conveniently on horseback by means of a currach; and so zealous was the Bishop that he and his noble guests took part in the transportation of the materials, like any common labourers. Six years after the completion of the nave, in 1466, the great Tower, 96 feet high, and Chapter House, were begun and completed by Bishop Lauder in seven years.

For thirteen hundred years a religious institution has existed in this place; and from 1127 to 1688 Dunkeld was the seat of a Diocese. Some of the Bishops were allied to royalty, and were as conspicuous for their martial valour as for their religious zeal.

They had large possessions in the Lothians and in Dull. The early Bishops lived much at Cramond, near Edinburgh; and several of them were buried in the Island of Inchcolm, in the Firth of Forth. Gavin Douglas, the early Scottish poet, was the most eminent. Son of the Earl of Angus, he became Bishop of Dunkeld about 1510, during a very troublous period, having been elected Provost of the Collegiate Church of St. Giles, Edinburgh. Political commotions ultimately compelled him to seek the protection of Henry VIII., and he died of the plague in London in 1522, and was interred in the Savoy Church. It was at Dunkeld that he translated the poems of Ovid and the Æneid of Virgil in heroic verse, in the Scottish language, with great spirit and elegance. The song of the Tay continually in his ears, the most rhythmical of the more obvious sounds of nature, inspired his poetic activity, as the song of the Avon entered into the immortal dreams of Shakespeare.

It may be mentioned that the only local memorial of the poet-bishop's connection with the place, is a stone carved with the Douglas' arms, found among the rubbish of the Cathedral, and inserted in the front wall above the entrance of the Grammar School. We may picture stoled Abbots and mailed Bishops in these solemn shades, having their feelings sanctified by chanted vespers and the mystic beams of the entrancing moon shining through stained windows, rising from the sense of sensual things to heavenly hopes and touched to issues strange and new.

The Cathedral was unroofed at the Reformation. The Tower was fortified and mounted with small cannon in 1689 to guard the town from the ravages of the adherents of James VII. Beneath the Chapter House is the sepulchral vault of the Atholl family;

the nave contains some ancient monuments, such as the effigied tomb of Bishop Robert Cardeny, once elaborately carved and ornamented with sculptured shields, but owing to the friable nature of the sandstone of which it is composed, now much decayed and effaced. On the floor of the choir is a fragment of the effigy of a prelate—supposed to be Bishop Sinclair. In the choir is also the tomb of the Wolf of Badenoch, Alexander Stewart, Earl of Buchan, son of Robert II., who laid waste so many sacred buildings, having burnt Elgin Cathedral, and died in 1384. The authenticity of this monument has been disputed, owing to the peculiar style of armour in which the effigy is clothed, belonging to a later age, and a part of the inscription being cut in a different kind of stone with a wrong date evidently restored. The figure is carved in four separate pieces united together in a greenish kind of marble found in Glen Tilt, and quarried for a while for ornamental mantelpieces. It is much mutilated.

The knoll called the King's Seat, already alluded to, received its name from being used as a look-out station for deer in the royal forest, which once extended over all this region. The early kings of Scotland were accustomed to hunt here in autumn; and we have a special record of William the Lion frequenting it, and also of Queen Mary being stationed on one occasion on the King's Seat, while the deer were made to fly past, and were shot by the arrows of the huntsmen. Owing to the frantic stampede of the game, the hapless Queen had a narrow escape from being trampled under foot, which would have saved her from the more dreadful fate in reserve at Fotheringay. This incident has been minutely described by Barclay in his "Monarchichronicon." In the vicinity is Birnam Hill, about 1,580 feet high, from the top of which to the north-west may be seen, at a distance of about

twelve miles, the hill of Dunsinane, one of the Sidlaw range, about a thousand feet high. On the top of Dunsinane Hill are the remains of a rampart and fosse, and masses of vitrified stones, with two underground dwellings paved with rough slabs and communicating with each other. Human skeletons, a quern, and a large serpent-like bronze ring of exquisite workmanship, were found near the entrance to the circumvallation. This hill-fort is popularly known as Macbeth's Castle. Birnam Hill was once covered with an ancient royal forest; and Shakespeare in his immortal tragedy mentions the prophecy of safety given to Macbeth :

> " Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until
> Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill,
> Shall come against him "—

alluding to the favourite method in olden times of besieging a stronghold ; for not only did the large branches of trees carried by armed men conceal and defend them, but they also afforded materials for setting fire to the castle when they came close up to it. Birnam Wood, as Pennant wittily remarked in his day, never recovered from the disastrous arboreal march, for it has long been bare of trees, and the only survivors of the famous original forest are a remarkable oak and a huge sycamore supposed to be about a thousand years old, on the banks of the river behind Birnam Hotel. It has been conjectured with great plausibility, from the vivid accuracy of the local descriptions and allusions, that the story of Macbeth was suggested to Shakespeare during a personal visit to Scottish ground, when he passed north with his company—the servants of James VI. and I.—to perform comedies and stage-plays in Aberdeen in 1601.

On the south side of the Tay opposite Dunkeld is the village

Birnam Hill.

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of Birnam, beside the railway station. The irregular knolls round about have formed favourite sites for most picturesque modern mansions in the baronial style. Lord John Manners resided in one of them for many years, and Sir John Everett Millais made this his summer resort, where he painted some of his finest pictures, and found health and recreation in the enthusiastic pursuit of salmon-fishing on the Tay. He made the scenery of the Rumbling Bridge the subject of his well-known picture, "The Sound of many Waters." His wife was a daughter of George Grey of Bowerswell Park, Perth, and in this vicinity Ruskin and he often met. At Little Dunkeld the parish church possesses a relic of the early Monastery of Dunkeld, or of the local Reformation of the Celtic Church under David I., in the shape of a Bronze Bell, which forms one of the small group of Celtic bells now known in Scotland. These bells are all square-shaped, made of iron coated with bronze, and buttoned up the side. They could easily be swung by a handle, and were often used, not only in calling people to assemblies, but also in cursing or invoking the Divine vengeance. No less than seven exist in the district. The Cladh Bhrennu, or St. Brendan's Bell, is kept in an old churchyard at the head of Glenlyon, and only wants the handle. In the Manse of Fortingal is preserved a bell of the same type, which is nearly a foot high, whose coating of bronze has almost all scaled off. At the farm of Balnahanait in Glenlyon, an old, much mutilated bell was discovered, which must have belonged to the original church of the place; and at Struan in Atholl, the bell locally known as the Buidhean, was given to Mr. McInroy in 1828, in exchange for a new one for the parish church, and is now kept at Lude House. The church was dedicated to St. Fillan, and there was a fair held on his day in the district called Feile Fhaolain. The

bell still retains its ancient tongue, and was actually in use as the church bell until the new one came.

The scenery of Dunkeld and its neighbourhood has drawn forth the highest eulogiums from celebrated persons. The poet Gray, the author of the immortal Elegy, visited it during his tour in Scotland in 1765; and in a letter to Walpole, with whom he made the grand tour on the Continent, gives a most graphic description of the spot, with fine characteristic touches of poetry and humour. The landscape was much barer and sterner in his time than it is now, having been much softened and improved by the plantations of oak and pine which clothe the craggy hills. And yet it excited very lively emotions in his mind by its rugged grandeur. He was in the habit of recording his impressions on the spot, and has told us that he was visibly affected by the wonderful combination of wood and hill and river. We are accustomed to date the appreciation of Scottish scenery from the days of Sir Walter Scott, and to imagine that previously the wild scenes of nature, however magnificent, could evoke no answering thrill even from poets and men of letters. Gray must therefore have been before his time, for no modern tourist could be more enthusiastic in praise of Dunkeld and Blair Atholl than he was. Among other admirers may be mentioned Dr. Edward Clarke, the celebrated traveller, who pronounced Dunkeld to be almost without a rival as a focus of all that is picturesque in scenery, and compared it to the finest parts of Mount Edgecombe in Cornwall; Miss Martineau and MacCulloch, the author of "The Highlands and Western Islands," whose praises are rapturous, especially of Dunkeld Bridge, which forms the centre and focus of all the charms of the landscape, and whose mellow breadth of grey light

Waterfalls at Birnam.

To face p. 160.

relieves the sombre hues of wood and rocky hill. Dr. Thomas Brown, the celebrated Professor of Moral Philosophy in the Edinburgh University, was in the habit, for a number of years, at the close of the winter session, of seeking oblivious balm in these hermit retreats. In May each year, the snowy blossoms of bird-cherries and wild geans whitened the woods as if celebrating a festival; and the wonderful pageant of the varied colours of the foliage, greens and reds and yellows in the tenderest shades, the same in May as in October, only more delicate, as the bloom of youth is fairer than the hectic flush of decay, used to touch vividly his imagination. Burns has breathed the spell of his genius over all the haunted scene; the music of Neil Gow has given a human pathos to the voices of the woodlands and the murmurs of the streams; Millais has embodied the fairest suggestions of falling waters, and the natural tapestry of mantling woods, in pictures which haunt one for ever. Nature is thus informed by human genius, and poetry and art and music have lent their bewitching aid to enhance the charming impressions of the spot; while the mellow tones of the Curfew Bell, rung at evening from the Cathedral, concentrating in themselves all the romance of the past, seem to give it a diviner atmosphere.

Endless walks lead the visitor from the town to most attractive scenes beyond. Breaking through the crystalline and schistose rocks which hitherto confined its own course and that of its tributaries within narrow valleys, the Tay emerges below the pass of Birnam into a wider horizon, formed by conglomerate and Old Red sandstone rocks, and flows with a deep smooth current all the way to Perth, interrupted only by the volcanic outbursts of Campsie Linn and Thistlebridge Dyke, which have

thrown their barriers across its path, and so have broken up its tameness into foaming picturesqueness. The spacious grounds around Murthly Castle, the seat of the Stewarts of Grandtully, which Millais rented for several seasons, with its shady walks by the river-side, and its endless views through the parks and woods, repeat the charms of the Duke of Atholl's grounds higher up the river, with superadded charms of their own. Through bosky dales and dark hanging woods, the road passes eastward to Blairgowrie, along a chain of silver lochs that mark the track of an ancient glacier, sliding down from the central Grampians to the sea on the Forfarshire coast. These lochs, by the wonderful magic of water, gather around them all that is fairest in nature, weeping birches, and sighing pines and umbrageous plane trees, and the haze-blue of distant hills made more ethereal by vistas through the shades. In the ruined castle on the island of Cluny Loch, tradition says that the Admirable Crichton lived, whose half-mythic youth represented in itself all the culture and learning of four hundred years ago.

On the east bank of the Tay is the romantic village of Meikleour, with its old market cross, and its remarkable hedge of hawthorn, the highest and most extensive in Britain. Near it is the confluence of the Isla, a considerable river whose source is in the wild mountain slopes of Caenlochan, and sweeps down through varied scenes of storied renown and natural beauty. On the opposite bank of the river, the fine trouting stream of the Ordie joins the Tay, bringing with it suggestions of the brown Braes of Ordie, where the poet Nicol—the author of the beautiful song "Bonnie Bessie Lee," who, after much literary achievement and still greater promise, died in his youth—

Grassed. A Sketch in a Breadalbane Forest.

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dreamed the first fair dreams of his life. While farther down, the Almond lends its tribute of waters, gathered from the mists of Glenalmond, whose weird old legends of giants and fairies have been forgotten, in the spell of new interest which the author of the "Bonnie Brier Bush" has given to Drumtochty. To the north-west of Dunkeld the visitor passes up Strathbraan beyond the Hermitage and the Rumbling Bridge to the breezy uplands of Amulree, where the heather reflects its crimson shadows in the liquid silver of the romantic river, and the amethystine hues of leagues of bare lonely mountains fill all the horizon.

At Dunkeld and in its neighbourhood, the chief beauties of the Tay may be said to have reached their limit. Beyond this region the river, though still preserving much of its Highland loveliness, is harnessed to work in connection with agricultural pursuits, and numerous bleaching and dyeing industries, for which its soft pure water is admirably adapted. Human associations of a most interesting kind crowd around. The district of Stanley is rich in legendary lore. The name of the "Thistle Brig" was given to the trap-dyke across the river in the locality, on account of an incident during the Danish invasion, which led our forefathers to adopt the thistle as the national badge. The Scottish army was encamped on the banks of the river; and when the Norsemen crossed the bar in the river by night to take the camp by surprise, a Norse soldier trod with bare feet upon a green thistle, and his cry of pain aroused the Scots who attacked and completely routed their enemies. It is said also that Macbeth retreated by this trap-dyke to the other side of the Tay, after his defeat at Dumbeth by Malcolm Canmore. The river above this barrier was a favourite fishing haunt of John Bright, where he caught his first salmon. John Leech

made this reach of the water the scene of his picture in "Punch," representing Briggs landing his first salmon in his arms! We think, beyond these storied scenes, of the river flowing past the bleach-fields of Luncarty, where, instead of linen webs as now, dead Norse soldiers lay after the battle with their faces exposed to the sun; and of the dense woods, through which the red towers of Scone Palace are imperfectly revealed, reminding us of the "Stone of Destiny," on which the old kings of Scotland were crowned, which became afterwards the Coronation Chair of Westminster Abbey, and has happily joined together the two kingdoms in a bond of mutual love and help never more to be broken.